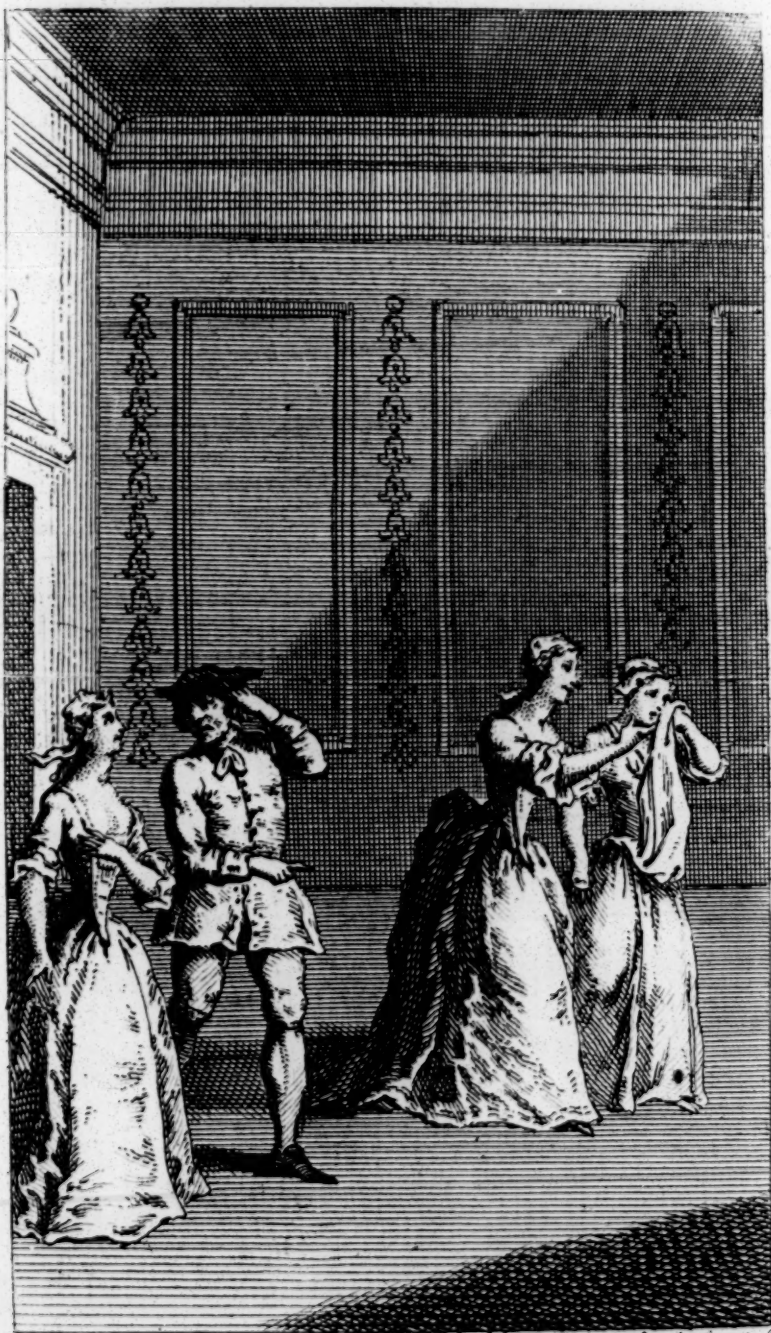




G. Vander Gucht inv. & scul

LOVE *for* LOVE.

A

C O M E D Y.

*Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certâ ratione modoque.* Her.

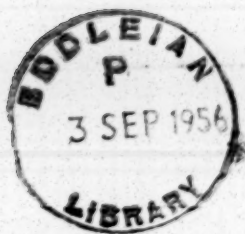
Written by Mr. CONGREVE.



L O N D O N.

Printed for T. DAVIES, T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON,
W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.

MDCCLXX.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoke at opening the NEW HOUSE.

THE Husbandman in vain renews his Toil,
 To cultivate each Year a hungry Soil;
 And fondly hopes for rich and generous Fruit,
 When what should feed the Tree, devours the Root:
 Th' unladen Boughs, he sees, bode certain Dearth,
 Unless transplanted to more kindly Earth.
 So, the poor Husbands of the Stage, who found
 Their Labours lost upon ungrateful Ground,
 This last and only Remedy have prov'd;
 And hope new Fruit from ancient Stocks remov'd.
 Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
 Well plant a Soil which you so rich have made.
 As Nature gave the World to Man's first Age,
 So from your Bounty we receive this Stage;
 The Freedom Man was born to, you've restor'd,
 And to our World such Plenty you afford,
 It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own accord. }
 But since in Paradise frail Flesh gave way,
 And when but two were made both went astray;
 Forbear your Wonder, and the Fault forgive,
 If in our larger Family we grieve }
 One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.
 We who remain, would gratefully repay }
 What our Endeavours can, and bring, this day,
 The First-fruit Offering, of a Virgin Play. }
 We hope there's something that may please each Taste,
 And tho' of homely Fare we make the Feast,
 Yet you will find Variety at least.
 There's Humour, which for chearful Friends we got,
 And for the thinking Party there's a Plot.
 We've something too, to gratify Ill-nature,
 (If there be any here) and that is Satire.
 Tho' Satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
 Or only shews its Teeth, as if it smil'd.
 As Asses Thistles, Poets mumble Wit.
 And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
 They hold their Pens, as Swords are held by Fools,
 And are afraid to use their own Edge-Tools.
 Since the *Plain-Dealer's* Scenes of Manly Rage,
 Not one has dar'd to lash this Crying Age.
 This time, the Poet owns the bold Essay,
 Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his Play:
 And he declares by me, he has design'd
 A front to none, but frankly speaks his Mind.
 And shou'd th' ensuing Scenes not chance to hit, }
 He offers but this one Excuse, 'twas writ
 Before your late Encouragement of Wit. }

B

D R A.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Sampson Legend</i> , Father to <i>Valentine</i> and <i>Ben</i> .	} Mr <i>Burton</i> .
<i>Valentine</i> , Fallen under his Father's Displeasure by his expensive way of living, in love with <i>Angelica</i> .	} Mr. <i>Reddish</i> .
<i>Scandal</i> , his Friend, a free Speaker.	Mr. <i>Palmer</i> .
<i>Tattle</i> , A half-witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himself for Secrecy.	} Mr. <i>Dodd</i> .
<i>Ben</i> , <i>Sir Sampson</i> 's younger Son, half home-bred, and half Sea-bred, design'd to marry Miss <i>Prue</i> .	} Mr. <i>Moody</i> .
<i>Forefight</i> , an illiterate old Fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious, and pretending to understand Astrology, Palmistry, Physiognomy, Omens, Dreams, &c. Uncle to <i>Angelica</i> .	} Mr. <i>Parsons</i> .
<i>Jeremy</i> , Servant to <i>Valentine</i> .	Mr. <i>Baddeley</i> .
<i>Tropland</i> , A Scrivener.	Mr. <i>Hartry</i> .
<i>Buckram</i> , A Lawyer.	Mr. <i>Keen</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Angelica</i> , Niece to <i>Forefight</i> , of a considerable Fortune in her own Hands.	} Miss <i>Younge</i> .
Mrs. <i>Forefight</i> , second Wife to <i>Forefight</i> .	Mrs. <i>Reddish</i> ,
Mrs. <i>Frail</i> , Sister to Mrs. <i>Forefight</i> , a Woman of the Town.	} Mrs. <i>Jefferies</i> .
Miss <i>Prue</i> , Daughter to <i>Forefight</i> by a former Wife, a silly aukward Country Girl.	} Mrs. <i>Abington</i> .
Nurse to Miss.	Mrs. <i>Bradshaw</i> .
<i>Jenny</i> .	Mrs. <i>Simpson</i> .

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several Servants.

The SCENE in LONDON.

L O V E.

LOVE *for* LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Valentine in his Chamber Reading, Jeremy waiting.
Several Books upon the Table.

V A L E N T I N E.

J E R E M Y.
Jere. Sir.

Val. Here, take away ; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read——

Jere. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet.

[Aside, and taking away the Books.]

Val. And d'ye hear, go you to breakfast—There's a page doubled down in *Epicætetus*, that is a feast for an emperor.

Jere. Was *Epicætetus* a real cook. or did he only write receipts ?

Val. Read, read, firrah, and refine your appetite ; learn to live upon instruction ; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh ; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes ; shut up your mouth and chew the cud of understanding. So *Epicætetus* advises.

Jere. O lord ! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge : Pray what was that *Epicætetus* ?

Val. A very rich man,—Not worth a groat.

Jere. Humph, and so he has made a very fine feast where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jere. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding : But if you please, I had rather be

at board-wages. Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will *Plato* be bail for you? Or *Diogenes*, because he understands confinement, and liv'd in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty!

Val. Why, sirrah, I have no money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at a' that have: And in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest men in all ages; these poets and philosophers whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason; because they abound in sense, and you are a fool.

Jere. Ay, Sir, I am a fool, I know it: And yet, heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit—But I was always a fool, when I told you what your expences would bring you to; your coaches and your liveries; your treats and your bal's; your being in love with a lady, that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity; and keeping company with wits, that car'd for nothing but your prosperity, and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be reveng'd on them all; I'll pursue *Angelica* with more love than ever; and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, that when I openly rival'd the rich fops, that made court to her; so shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps, make her compassionate the love, which has principally reduc'd me to this lowness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them—

Jere. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jere. Now heav'n of mercy continue the tax upon paper; you don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

Jere. Hem!—Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it may concern; That the bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by name, has for the space of sev'n years truly and faithfully

fully serv'd *Valentine Legend*, Esq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any misdemeanour; but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any future Authority over him—

Val. No, sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jere. Sir, 'tis impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damn'd with your works: But to live, even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a muse, after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help;—I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts: D'ye hear, get the maids to ciampo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhiming, you may arrive at the height of a song, sent by an unknown hand, or a chocolate house lampoon.

Jere. But sir, is this the way to recover your father's favour? Why Sir *Sampson* will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother shou'd come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, Sir; you're ruin'd; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet.—Ah pox confound that *Will's* coffee house, it has ruin'd more young men than the *Royal Oak* lottery—Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The man of the house would have been an alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city—For my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a horse race. The air upon *Banstead Downs* is nothing to it for a whetter; yet I never see it, but the spirit of famine appears to me, sometimes like a decay'd porter, worn out with pimping, and carrying *Billet-doux* and songs; not like other porters for hire, but for the jest's sake. Now like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, which carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great fortune; and his fare to be paid like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

S C E N E II.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Scan. What, *Jeremy* holding forth?

Val. The rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

Scan. Ay? Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has wit: For where ever it is, it's always contriving its own ruin.

Jere. Why so I have been telling my master, sir: Mr. *Scandal*, for heav'ns sake, sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet.

Scan. Poet! He shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the outside of his head, than the lining. Why, what the devil has not your poverty made you enemies enough? Must you needs shew your wit to get more?

Jere. Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself?

Scan. *Jeremy* speaks like an oracle. Don't you see how worthless great men, and dull rich rogues, avoid a witty man of small fortune? Why, he looks like a writ of enquiry into their titles and estates; and seems commission'd by heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be reveng'd.

Scan. Rail? At whom? the whole world? Impotent and vain! Who would die a martyr to sense in a country where the religion is folly? You may stand at bay for a while; but when the full cry is against you, you shan't have fair play for your life. If you can't be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsmen.—No, turn pimp, flatterer, quack, lawyer, any thing but poet; a modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have nam'd: without you could retrieve the ancient honours of the name, recall the stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the force of open honest satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our poets, as if your character had been lately expos'd upon the stage—Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade—[*One knocks.*] *Jeremy*, see who's there. [*Jer. goes to the door.*] But tell me what you would have me do?—What do the world say of me, and my forc'd confinement?

Scan. The world behaves itself, as it uses to do on such occasions; some pity you, and condemn your father: Others excuse him, and blame you; only the ladies are merciful, and wish you well: Since love and pleasurable expence, have been your greatest faults.

Val.

Val. How now ?

Jere. Nothing new, fir ; I have dispatch'd some half a dozen duns with as much dexterity, as a hungry judge does causes at dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you giv'n 'em ?

Scan. Patience, I suppose, the old receipt.

Jere. No, faith fir ; I have put 'em off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words ; that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright *English*—

Val. What ?

Jere. That they should be paid.

Val. When ?

Jere. To-morrow.

Val. And how 'the devil do you mean to keep your word ?

Jere. Keep it ? Not at all ; it has been so very much stretch'd, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and no body be surpriz'd at the matter—[*Knocking.*]—Again ! Sir, if you don't like my negotiation, will you be pleas'd to answer these yourself.

Val. See who they are.

S C E N E III.

Valentine, Scandal.

By this, *Scandal*, you may see what it is to be great ; secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an army lead just such a life as I do ; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises ; which are but a civiler sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great man, having engaged their attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intended to perform - are more perplex'd to find evasions than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your creditors.

Val. *Scandal*, learn to spare your friends, and do not provoke your enemies ; this liberty of your tongue, will one day bring confinement on your body, my friend.

S C E N E IV.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Jere. O Sir, there's *Trapland* the scrivener, with two
B 4 suspicious

suspicious fellows like lawful pads, that would knock a man down with pocket tipstaves.—And there's your father's steward, and the nurse with one of your children from *Twitnam*.

Val. Pox on her, cou'd she find no other time to fling my fins in my face: Here, give her this, [*Gives money.*] and bid her trouble me no more: a thoughtless two handed whore, she knows my condition well enough, and might have overlaid the child a fortnight ago, if she had any forecast in her.

Scan. What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my godson?

Jere. Yes, Sir.

Scan. My blessing to the boy, with this token [*Gives Money.*] of my love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously.—I shall take the air shortly.

Val. *Scandal*! don't spoil my boy's milk:—Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.

S C E N E V.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy.

Val. O Mr. *Trapland*! my old friend! welcome, *Jeremy*, a chair quickly: A bottle of sack and a toast—fly—a chair first.

Trap. A good morning to you Mr. *Valentine*, and to you, Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. The morning's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come sit you down, you know his way.

Trap. [*sits.*] There is a debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500*l.* of pretty long standing ———

Val. I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate, —sirrah, the sack.

Trap. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment?

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you,—my service to you,—fill, fill, to honest Mr. *Trapland*, fuller.

Trap. Hold, sweet-heart.—This is not to our business:—my service to you Mr. *Scandal*. — [*Drinks*]——I have forborn as long ———

Val.

Val. T'other glass, and then we'll talk. Fill, *Jeremy*.

Trap. No more, in truth,—I have forborn, I say—

Val. Sirrah, fill when I bid you.—And how does your handsome daughter?—Come, a good husband to her. [Drinks.]

Trap. Thank you—I have been out of this money—

Val. Drink first. *Scandal*, why do you not drink?

[They drink.]

Trap. And in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your supply: It did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good. — *Scandal*, drink to me, my friend *Trapland's* health. An honest man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress: Tho' I say it to his face. Come fill each man his glass.

Scan. What, I know *Trapland* has been a whoremaster and loves a wench still. You never knew a whoremaster, that was not an honest fellow.

Trap. Fy, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew——

Scan. What, don't I know? —I know the buxom black widow in the *Poultry*—800*l.* a year jointure, and 20,000*l.* in money. Ahah! Old *Trap*.

Val. Say you so i'faith: Come, we'll remember the widow: I know whereabouts you are; Come, to the widow——

Trap. No more, indeed.

Val. What, the widow's health; give it him—— off with it: [They drink] A lovely girl, i'faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby-lips? better sealing there, than a bond for a million, hah!

Trap. No, no, there's no such thing, we'd better mind our business——You're a wag.

Val. No faith, we'll mind the widow's business, fill again——Pretty round heaving breasts,—— a *Barbary* shape, and a jut with her bum, would stir an *Anchoret*: And the prettiest foot! Oh if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trap*'and?

Trap. Verily, give me a glass——you're a wag,—— and here's to the widow. [Drinks.]

Scan. He begins to chuckle;—— ply him close, or he'll relapse into a dun.

LOVE for LOVE.

SCENE VI.

[To them] Officer.

Off. By your leave, gentlemen. — Mr. *Trapland*, if we must do our office, tell us. — We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*; and if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate-houses, and then our labour's lost.

Trap. Udsó that's true, Mr. *Valentine*, I love mirth, but business must be done, are you ready to —

Jere. Sir, your father's steward says he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

Val. Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland*, send away your officer, you shall have an answer presently.

Trap. Mr. *Snap*, stay within call.

SCENE VII.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy, Steward, *who whispers Valentine.*

Scan. Here's a dog now, a traitor in his wine; firrah, refund the sack: *Jeremy* fetch him some warm water, or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

Trap. Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it?

Val. You need say no more, I understand the conditions; they are very hard, and my necessity is very pressing; I agree to 'em. Take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the writing — Mr. *Trapland*, you know this man, he shall satisfy you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing, but my necessity —

Val. No apology, good Mr. *Scrivener*, you shall be paid,

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my business requires —

SCENE VIII.

Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. He begs pardon like a hangman at an execution.

Val.

Val. But I have got a reprieve.

Scan. I am surpriz'd ; what does your father relent ?

Val. No ; he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world : You have heard of a booby-brother of mine, that was sent to sea three years ago ? This brother, my father hears, is landed ; whereupon he very affectionately sends me word ; if I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate after his death, to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pounds to pay my debts, and make my fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refused it ; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from *Angelica*, force me to consent.

Scan. A very desperate demonstration of your love to *Angelica* : and I think she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper ; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

Scan. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean : But you have little reason to believe that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune ; besides, *Angelica* has a great fortune of her own ; and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool.

S C E N E IX.

[*To them*] *Jeremy.*

Jere. More misfortunes, sir.

Val. What another dun ?

Jere. No, Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it, — you must bring him up ; he knows I don't go abroad.

S C E N E X.

Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, pr'ythee stay : *Tattle* and you should never be asunder ; you are light and shadow, and shew one another ; he is perfectly thy reverse both in humour and understanding

derstanding ; and as you set up for defamation, he is a mender of reputations.

Scan. A mender of reputations ! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper ; and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person : He will forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time shew you her hand in the superscription : And yet perhaps he has counterfeited the hand too, and sworn to a truth ; but he hopes not to be believ'd ; and refuses the reputation of a lady's favour, as a doctor says, no, to a bishoprick, only that it may be granted him——In short, he is a publick professor of secrecy, and makes a proclamation that he holds private intelligence.—He's here.

S C E N E XI.

[*To them*] Tattle.

Tatt. *Valentine*, good morrow ; *Scandal*, I am yours,—That is when you speak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am yours ; for while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

Tatt. How inhuman !

Val. Why *Tattle*, you need not be much concerned at any thing that he says : For to converse with *Scandal*, is to plag at *Losing Loadum* ; you must lose a good name to him, before you can win it for yourself.

Tatt. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world shall think the better of any person for his calumnation !——I thank heaven, it has always been a part of my character, to handle the reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scan. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tatt. Nay, but why rotten ? Why should you say, rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak ? How cruel that is ?

Scan. Not know 'em ? why, thou never hadst to do with any body that did not stink to all the town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha ; nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that no body knows any thing of that nature of me. As I hope to be
fav'd,

fav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a woman, since I knew what woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with several.

Tatt. To be free with you, I have—I don't care if I own that—Nay more (I'm going to say a bold word now) I never could meddle with a woman, that had to do with any body else.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay faith, I'm apt to believe him—Except her husband, *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh that——

Scan. What think you of that noble commoner Mrs. *Drab*?

Tatt. Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—But, upon my reputation, she did me wrong—Well, well, that was malice—But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one we all know—A man too. Only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality——

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that——Yes, yes, every body knows—No doubt on't, every body knows my secrets—But I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence; for I told her—Madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the world; and, says I, if your grace——

Scan. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I said? My unlucky tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Scan. Why *Tattle*, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee, well, and ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you say to her grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a word, as I hope to be fav'd; an arrant *Lapsus Linguae*——Come, let's talk of something else.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

Tatt. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you—a woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me,

me, and I told her something or other, faith—I know not what——Come, let's talk of something else.

[*Hums a Song.*]

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we should enquire.

Tatt. *Va'entine*, I supp'd last night with your mistress, and her uncle old *Forefight* : I think your father lies at *Forefight's*.

Val. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my soul *Angelica's* a fine woman—And so is Mrs. *Forefight*, and her sister Mrs. *Frail*.

Scan. Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine woman, we all know her.

Tatt. Oh that is not fair.

Scan. What ?

Tatt. To tell.

Scan. To tell what ? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail* ?

Tatt. Who I ? Upon honour I don't know whether she be man or woman ; but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

Scan. No !

Tatt. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tatt. Impossible !

Scan. Yes faith. Ask *Valentine* else.

Tatt. Why then as I hope to be sav'd, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no ? You have had her ? Ha ?

Tatt. Tho' I have more honour than to tell first ; I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it ?

Tatt. I am strangely surpris'd ! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if she taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by, she sees *Valentine* every morning.

Tatt. How !

Val. She does me the favour—I mean of a visit sometimes : I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scan.

Scan. Nor I faith—But *Tattle* does not use to bely a lady ; it is contrary to his character—How one may be deceived in a woman, *Valentine* ?

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen ?

Scan. I'm resolved I'll ask her.

Tatt. O barbarous ! Why did you not tell me——

Scan. No, you told us.

Tatt. And bid me ask *Valentine* ?

Val. What did I say ? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never ask'd me the question ?

Tatt. But gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding.

Val. Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was ; the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

S C E N E XII.

[*To them*] *Jeremy.*

Jer. Sir, Mrs. *Frail* has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes.

S C E N E XIII.

Valentine, Scandal, Tattle.

Tatt. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way ?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion, than to give *Scandal* such an advantage ; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. *Scandal*, you will not be so ungenerous——O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever——I shall never be received but upon publick days ; and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room : I shall never see a bed-chamber again, never be lock'd in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table ; never be distinguish'd among the waiting-women by the name of trusty Mr. *Tattle* more—You will not be so cruel.

Val. *Scandal*, have pity on him ; he'll yield to any conditions.

Tatt. Any, any terms.

Scan. Come then, sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation

reputation to me presently——Come, where are you familiar?—And see that they are women of quality too, the first quality——

Tatt. 'Tis very hard—Won't a baronet's lady pass?

Scan. No, nothing under a right honourable.

Tatt. O inhuman! You don't expect their names.

Scan. No, their titles shall serve.

Tatt. Alas, that's the same thing: pray spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

Scan. Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are so ill a painter, that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemned, like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

Tatt. Well, first then——the countess of——

S C E N E XIV.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Frail.*

Tatt. O unfortunate! she's come already; will you have patience 'till another time—I'll double the number.

Scan. Well, on that condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. Frail. I shall get a fine reputation, by coming to see fellows in a morning. *Scandal*, you devil, are you here too? Oh *Mr. Tattle*, every thing is safe with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle.

Tatt. Mum—O madam, you do me too much honour.

Val. Well, lady galloper, how does *Angelica*?

Mrs. Frail. *Angelica*'s manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent lover——

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular——But otherwise I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

Val. But what if he has more passion than manners?

Mrs. Frail. Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion, but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

Mrs. Frail. You are the most mistaken in the world: there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his wife, and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets his civility to
other

other people. Well, I'll tell you news ; but I suppose you hear your brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my brother *Forefight*'s daughter is come out of the country—I assure you there's a match talk'd of by the old people—Well, if he be but as great a sea-beast, as she is a land-monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed—The progeny will be all otters : He has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

Val. Pox take 'em, their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs. Frail. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother *Forefight* has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral and an eminent justice of the peace to be the issue-male of their two bodies ; 'tis the most superstitious old fool ! He would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad : But I invented a dream, and sent him to *Artemedorous* for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now ? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next room—and I'll give you something.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs. Frail. Well, what will you all give me ?

Val. Mine's a secret.

Mrs. Frail. I thought you would give me something that would be a trouble to you to keep.

Val. And *Scandal* shall give you a good name.

Mrs. Frail. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. *Tattle* ?

Tatt. I ? My soul, madam.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, no I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well ; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings : I hear you have a great many pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good collection at your service, some originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seasons* and the *Twelve Cafars*, paltry copies ; and the *Five Senses*, as ill represented as they are in himself ; and he himself is the only original you will see there.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scan.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him favours if you will believe him.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, let me see those, *Mr. Tattle.*

Tatt. Oh madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and myself was ever blest with the sight.

Mrs. Frail. Well, but a woman——

Tatt. Nor woman, 'till she consented to have her picture there too—for then she's obliged to keep the secret.

Scan. No, no ; come to me if you'd see pictures.

Mrs. Frail. You ?

Scan. Yes faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance to the life, and as like as at *Knel'er's.*

Mrs. Frail. O lying creature——*Valentine*, does not he lye——I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No, indeed, he speaks truth now : For as *Tattle* has pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that have refused him : If satires, descriptions, characters, and lampoons are pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white—And yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women. I can shew you pride, folly, affectation, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you lying, soppery, vanity, cowardise, bragging, impotence and ugliness in another piece ; and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a profest beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Mrs. Frail. Come, let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

Mrs. Frail. So.

Scan. Then I have a lady burning brandy in a cellar with a hackney coachman.

Mrs. Frail. O devil ! Well but that story is not true.

Scan. I have some hieroglyphicks too ; I have a lawyer with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face ; a divine with two faces, and one head ; and I have a soldier with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

Mrs. Frail. And no head.

Scan.

Scan. No head.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, that is all invention. Have you ne'er a poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a poet weighing words and selling praise for praise, and a critick picking his pocket. I have another large piece too, representing a school; where there are huge proportion'd criticks, with long wigs, lac'd coats, *Steinkirk* cravats, and terrible faces; with cat-calls in their hands, and horn-books about their necks. I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Mrs. Frail. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

S C E N E XV.

[*To them*] *Jeremy.*

Jere. Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him—will you give me leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to the *Exchange*, I must call on my sister *Forefight* there?

Scan. I will: I have a mind to your sister.

Mrs. Frail. Civil!

Tatt. I will, because I have a tender for your ladyship.

Mrs. Frail. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion. [Exit *Tattle*, &c.]

Val. Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard conditions to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an account of you, and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most a lover of any body that I know: you fancy that parting with your estate, will help you to your mistress—In my mind he is a thoughtless adventurer.

Who hopes to purchase wealth, by selling land;

Or win a mistress, with a losing hand.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Room in Foresight's House.

Foresight and Servant.

Fore. **H**EY day! What, are all the women of my family abroad? Is not my wife come home? Nor my sister, nor my daughter?

Serv. No, Sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the moon is in all her fortitudes; is my niece *Angelica* at home?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Fore. I believe you lye, sir.

Serv. Sir.

Fore. I say you lye, sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it; for I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, sir: But I can tell, and foretell, sir.

S C E N E II.

[To them] Nurse.

Fore. Nurse, where's your young mistress?

Nurse. Wee'ft heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: poor child, I warrant she's fond o'seeing the town—Marry, pray heav'n they ha' given her any dinner—Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha, O strange I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha, marry and did you ever see the like!

Fore. Why, how now, what's the matter?

Nurse. Pray heav'n send your worship good luck, marry and amen, with all my heart, for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and so I have, that may be good luck in troth, in troth it may, very good luck: Nay I have had some omens: I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation;

on;

on ; pretty good that to ; but then I stumbled coming down
airs, and met a weasel ; bad omens those : some bad,
some good, our lives are checquer'd : mirth and sorrow,
want and plenty, night and day, make up our time—
But in troth I am pleas'd at my stocking ; very well pleas'd
at my stocking—Oh here's my niece !—Sirrah, go tell
Sir *Sampson Legend* I'll wait on him if he's at leisure,—'tis
now three a clock, a very good hour for business, *Mercury*
governs this hour.

S C E N E III.

Angelica, Foresight, Nurse.

Ang. Is it not a good hour for pleasure too, uncle ?
pray lend me your coach, mine's out of order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too ? Sure all females
are mad to day—It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief
to the master of a family—I remember an old prophesy,
written by *Messabala the Arabian*, and thus translated by a
reverend *Buckinghamshire* bard.

*When house-wives all the house forsake,
And leave good man to brew and bake,
With outen guile, then be it said,
That house doth stona upon its head ;
And when the head is set in grond,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful fond.*

fruitful, the head fruitful, that bodes horns ; the fruit of
the head is horns—Dear niece, stay at home—For by the
head of the house is meant the husband ; the prophesy
needs no explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a cuckold, un-
cle, by going abroad ; nor secure you from being one, by
staying at home.

Fore. Yes, yes ; while there's one woman left, the pro-
phesy is not in full force.

Ang. But my inclinations are in force, I have a mind to
go abroad ; and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take
a hackney, or a chair, and leave you to erect a scheme,
and find who's in conjunction with your wife. Why don't
you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's a-
broad ? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you
call

call it) in her nature, uncle, I'm afraid you are not lord of the ascendant, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Well, jill-flirt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that celestial science.

Ang. Nay uncle, don't be angry—If you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood—What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provisions as 'twere for a siege? What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinder-boxes did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live under ground, or at least making a voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dard season.

Fore. Why, you malapert flut——

Ang. Will you lend me your coach, or, I'll go on—Nay. I'll declare how you prophesy'd popery was coming, only because the butler had mislaid some of the apostle spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went religion and spoonmeat together—Indeed, uncle, I'll indite you for a wizard.

Fore. How huffy! was there ever such a provoking minx?

Nurse. O merciful father, how she talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices; you and the old nurse there——

Nurse. Marry heav'n defend—I at midnight practices—O lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful doings with my master's worship—Why, did you ever hear the like now—sir, did ever I do any thing of your midnight concerns—But warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle and your tobacco-box, and your urinal by you, and now and then rub the souls of your feet?—O lord, I!——

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole of the closet, one night, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs, to write poor innocent servants names in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater, which she had forgot in the candle-cup——Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it.——

Fore. I defy you, huffy; but I'll remember this. I'll be reveng'd on you, cockatrice; I'll hamper you—You have your fortune in your own hands—but I'll find a way to
make

make your lover, your prodigal spendthrift gallant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not, but all shall out then——

Fore. I will have patience, since it is the will of the stars I shall be thus tormented—This is the effect of the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house of my nativity; there the curse of kindred was foretold—But I will have my doors lock'd up—I'll punish you, not a man shall enter my house.

Ang. Do uncle, lock 'em up quickly, before my aunt come home—You'll have a letter for alimony to morrow morning—But let me be gone first, and then let no mankind come near the house, but converse with spirits and the celestial signs, the bull, and the ram, and the goat. Bless me! there are a great many horn'd beast among the twelve signs, uncle. But cuckolds go to heav'n.

Fore. But there's but one virgin among the signs, spit-fire, but one virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with any thing but astrologers, uncle. That makes my aunt go abroad.

Fore. How? How? Is that the reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you: do, good niece—Come, you shall have my coach and horses—Faith and troth you shall—Does my wife complain? Come, I know women tell one another—She is young and sanguine, has a wanton hazle eye, and was born under *Gemini*, which may incline her to society; she has a mole upon her lip, with a moist palm, and——

Ang. Ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Do you laugh?—Well gentlewoman, I'll—But come, be a good girl, don't perplex your poor uncle, tell me—won't you speak? Odd I'll——

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] Servant.

Serv. Sir *Sampson* is coming down to wait upon you—

Ang. Good bu'y uncle—Call me a chair—I'll find out my aunt, and tell her, she must not come home.

Fore. I'm so perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover myself before the hour
be

be past : Go nurse, tell Sir Sampson I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, sir.

Fore. Well——Why, if I was born to be a cuckold, there's no more to be said——he's here already.

S C E N E V.

Forefight and Sir Sampson Legend with a Paper.

Sir Samp. Nor no more to be done, old boy ; that's plain——here 'tis, I have it in my hand, old *Ptolomee* ; I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begat him ; I will old *Nostradamus*.. What, I warrant my son thought nothing belong'd to a father but forgiveness and affection ; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power ; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd till doomsday, he thought I was to pay the piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *signatum, sigillatum, and deliberatum* ; that as soon as my son *Benjamin* is arrived, he is to make over to him his right of inheritance. Where's my daughter that is to be—hah ! old *Merlin* ! body o'me, I'm so glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful rogue.

Fore. Odso, let me see ; let me see the paper—Ay, faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold—I wish things were done, and the conveyance made—When was this sign'd, what hour ? Odso, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste——

Sir Samp. Haste, ay, ay ; haste enough my son *Ben* will be in town to night—I have ordered my lawyer to draw up writings of settlement and jointure—All shall be done to night—No matter for the time ; pr'ythee, brother *Forefight*, leave superstition—Pox o' th' time ; there's no time but the time present, there's no more to be said of what's past, and all that is to come will happen. If the sun shine by day, and the stars by night, why we shall know one another's faces without the help of a candle, and that's all the stars are good for.

Fore. How, how ? Sir *Sampson*, that all ? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir Samp. I tell you I am wise ; and *sapiens dominabitur astris* there's Latin for you to prove it, and an argument
to

to confound your *Ephemeris*—Ignorant—I tell you, I have travelled old *Fircu*, and know the globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the sun rises at midnight, and sets at noon-day.

Fore. But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the celestial *Spheres*, know the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their houses. Can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppositions*, fiery *Trigons* and aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy, whether diseases are curable or incurable. If journeys shall be prosperous, undertakings successful ; or goods stol'n recovered, I know. —

Sir Samp. I know the length of the Emperor of *China's* foot ; have kiss'd the *Great Mogul's* slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the Cham of *Tartary* — Body o'me, I have made a cuckold of a king, and the present majesty of *Bantam* is the issue of these loins.

Fore. I know when travellers lye or speak truth, when they don't know themselves.

Sir Samp. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star ; and seen a conjurer, that cou'd not keep the devil out of his wife's circle.

Fore. What, does he twit me with my wife too ? I must be better inform'd of this, — [*Aside.*] — Do you mean my wife *Sir Sampson* ? Tho' you made a cuckold of the king of *Bantum*, yet by the body of the sun —

Sir Samp. By the horns of the moon, you wou'd say, brother *Capricorn*.

Fore. *Capricorn* in your teeth, thou modern *Mandevil* ; *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper of inheritance ; send your son to sea again. I'll wed my daughter to an *Egyptian* mummy, 'ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of sciences, and a defamer of virtue.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I have gone too far ; — I must not provoke honest *Albumazar*. — An *Egyptian* mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphick ; and may have significations of futurity about him ; oddsbud, I would my son were an *Egyptian* mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a jest, my good *Haly* — I

reverence the sun, moon and stars with all my heart—
 What, I'll make thee a present of a mummy: Now I think
 on't, body o'me, I have a shoulder of an *Egyptian* king,
 that I purloin'd from one of the pyramids, powdered with
 hieroglyphicks, thou shalt have it brought home to thy
 house, and make an entertainment for all the *Philomaths*,
 and students in physick and astrology in and about *London*.

Fere. But what do you know of my wife, *Sir Sampson*?

Sir Samp. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she's
 the moon, and thou shalt see the man in the moon; nay, she
 is more illustrious than the moon: for she has her chastity
 without her inconstancy, 'sbud I was but in jest.

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] *Jeremy*.

Sir Samp. How now, who sent for you? Ha! What wou'd
 you have?

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest—Who's that fel-
 low? I don't like his physiognomy.

Sir Samp. My son, sir; what son, sir? My son *Ben-
 jamin*, hoh?

Jere. No, sir, *Mr. Valentine*, my master—'tis the first
 time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he
 comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir Samp. Well, sir.

S C E N E VII.

*Fore*sight, *Sir Sampson*, *Valentine*, *Jeremy*.

Jere. He is here, sir.

Val. Your blessing, sir.

Sir Samp. You've had it already, sir, I think I sent it you
 to day in a bill of four thousand pound: a great deal of
 money, brother *Fore*sight.

Fore. Ay indeed, *Sir Sampson*, a great deal of money for
 a young man, I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir Samp. Body o'me, so do I.—Hark ye, *Valentine*,
 if there be too much, refund the superfluity; dost hear,
 boy?

Val. Superfluity, sir, it will scarce pay my debts.—I
 hope you will have more indulgence, than to oblige me to
 those hard conditions, which my necessity sign'd to.

Sir Samp. Sir, how, I beseech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning indulgence.

Val. Why, fir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me at least from some part——

Sir Samp. Oh fir, I understand you—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, fir, all that I presume to ask.—But what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleas'd to add shall be doubly welcome.

Sir Samp. No doubt of it, sweet fir, but your filial piety and my fatherly fondness wou'd fit like two tallies—Here's a rogue, brother *Forefight*, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and would be releas'd from it in the afternoon; here's a rogue, dog, here's conscience and honesty; this is your wit now, this is the morality of your wits! You are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a——Why, firrah, is it not here under hand and seal—Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it.——

Sir Samp. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I shall live to see you go up *Ho'bourn-Hill*—Has he not a rogue's face?—Speak, brother, you understand physiognomy, a hanging look to me——of all my boys the most unlike me; he has a damn'd *Tyburn-Face*, without the benefit o'the clergy.

Fore. Hum——truly I don't care to discourage a young man——he has a violent death in his face but I hope no danger of hanging.

Val. Sir, is this usage for your son?—for that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, fir——

Sir Samp. You, fir; and you, fir:——Why, who are you, fir?

Val. Your son, fir.

Sir Samp. That's more than I know, fir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir Samp. What wou'd you have your mother a whore! Did you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! Body o'me.——

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir Samp. Excuse! Impudence! Why firrah, mayn't I do what I please? Are not you my slave? Did not I beget you? And might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no? Oons who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the world? How came you here, fir? Here, to stand here, upon those two legs, and look erect with that audacious face, hah? Answer me that? Did you come a volunteer into the world? Or did I, with the lawful authority of a parent, press you to the service.

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir Samp. With all my heart: Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world, as you came into't:

Val. My cloathes are soon put off;—But you must also divest me of reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

Val. I am of myself a plain easy simple Creature; and to be kept at small expence; but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many devils that you have raised, and will have employment.

Sir Samp. Oons, what had I to do to get children,—can't a private man be born without all these followers?—Why nothing under an emperor should be born with appetites,—Why, at this rate a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket, may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

Jere. Nay that's as clear as the sun; I'll make oath of it before any Justice in *Middlesex*.

Sir Samp. Here's a cormorant too.—'S'heart this fellow was not born with you?—I did not beget him, did I?—

Jere. By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too:—Nay, and to tell your worship another truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same whoreson appetites too, that my master peaks of.

Sir Samp. Why look you there now,——I'll maintain it, that by the rule of right reason, this fellow ought to have been born without a palate.——S'heart, what should he do with a distinguishing taste?——I warrant you he'd rather eat a pheasant than a piece of poor *John*: and smell, now, why I warrant he can smell, and loves perfumes above a stink——Why there's it; and musick, don't you love musick, scoundrel?

Jer. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jiggs and country dances; and the like; I don't much matter your *Solo's* or *Sonato's* they give me the spleen.

Sir Samp. The spleen, ha, ha, ha, a pox confound you——*Solo's* or *Sonato's*? 'Oons whose son are you? how were you engendred, muckworm?

Jer. I am by father the son of a chairman; my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer and I came up stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.

Fore. By your looks, you shou'd go up stairs out of the world too, friend.

Sir Samp. And if this rogue were anatomiz'd now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a cardinal, this son of a cucumber——These things are unaccountable and unreasonable——Body o'me, why was not I a bear? that my cubs might have liv'd upon sucking their paws; nature has been provident only to bears and spiders; the one has its nutriment in his own hands; and t'other spins his habitation out of his own entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature, if I had my right of inheritance.

Sir Samp. Again! 'Oons han't you four thousand pound——if I had it again, I wou'd not give thee a groat,——What, would'st thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals?——S'heart, live by your wits,——You were always fond of the wits,——Now let's see, if you have wit enough to keep yourself——Your brother will be in town to night, or to morrow morning, and then look you perform covenants, and so your friend and servant——Come, brother *Forefight*.

S C E N E VIII.

Valentine, Jeremy.

Jer. I told you what your visit wou'd come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected—I did not come to see him : I came to *Angelica* : But since she was gone abroad, it was easily turn'd another way ; and at least look'd well on my side : what's here ? *Mrs. Foresight* and *Mrs. Frail*, they are earnest,—I'll avoid 'em—Come this way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return,

S C E N E IX.

Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. Frail. What have you to do to watch me ? 'S'life I'll do what I please.

Mrs. Fore. You will ?

Mrs. Frail. Yes, marry will I—A great piece of Business to go to *Covent-Garden Square* in a hackney-coach, and take a turn with one's friend.

Mrs. Fore. Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Mrs. Frail. Well, what if I took twenty—I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation,—Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like ?

Mrs. Fore. But can't you converse at home ?——I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man ; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent ; but the place is publick, and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous : what if any body else should have seen you alite, as I did ?——How can any body be happy, while they're in perpetual fear of being seen and censur'd ?——Besides it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but me.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, here's a clutter—Why shou'd it reflect upon you ?—I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now—if I had gone to *Knightsbridge*, or to *Chelsea*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a man alone——something might have been said.

Mrs. Fore. Why, was I ever in any of those places ? what do you mean, sister ?

Mrs. Frail. Was I ? what do you mean ?

Mrs. Fore. You have been at a worse place.

Mrs. Frail. I at a worse place, and with a man !

Mrs. Fore. I suppose you wou'd not go alone to the *World's-End*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frail. The *World's-End* ! what do you mean to banter me ?

Mrs. Fore. Poor innocent ! You don't know that there's a place call'd the *World's-End* ? I'll swear you can keep your countenance purely, you'd make an admirable player.

Mrs. Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs. Fore. Very well, that will appear who has most you never were at the *World's-End* ?

Mrs. Frail. No.

Mrs. Fore. You deny it positively to my face.

Mrs. Frail. Your face, what's your face ?

Mrs. Fore. No matter for that, it's as good a face as yours.

Mrs. Frail. Not by a dozen years wearing.—But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs. Fore. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face ; —for I'll swear your impudence has put me out of countenance : —But look you here now, —where did you lose this gold bodkin ? —Oh sifter, sifter !

Mrs. Frail. My bodkin !

Mrs. Fore. Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Mrs. Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin ? —Oh sifter, sifter ! —sifter every way.

Mrs. Fore. O devil on't, that I could not discover her, without betraying myself. [Aside.]

Mrs. Frail. I have heard gentlemen say, sifter ; that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lie open ones self.

Mrs. Fore. It's very true, sifter : well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Mrs. Frail. With all my heart, give me your hand in token of sifterly secrecy and affection.

Mrs. Fore. Here 'tis with all my heart.

Mrs. Frail. Well, I have : to tell truth, and speak openly to one another : I'm afraid the world have observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for, I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation ; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir *Sampson* has a son

that is expected to night ; by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjurer : the estate you know is to be made over to him :—Now if I could wheedle him, sister, ha ? you understand me ?

Mrs. Fore. I do ; and will help you to the utmost of my power—And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough ; my aukard daughter-in-law, who you know is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle* ; now if we can improve that and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together ; and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

S C E N E X.

[*To them*] *Tattle and Miss Prue.*

Miss. Mother, mother, mother, look you here.

Mrs. Fore. Fy, fy, miss, how you bawl—Besides, I have told you, you must not call me mother.

Miss. What must I call you then, are you not my father's wife ?

Mrs. Fore. Madam ; you must say madam—By my soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great girl call me mother—Well, but miss, what are you so overjoyed at ?

Miss. Look you here, madam then, what Mr. *Tattle* has given me—Look you here, cousin, here's a snuff-box ; nay, there's snuff in't ;—here, will you have any—Oh good ! how sweet it is—Mr. *Tattle* is all over sweet, his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet,—and his handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than roses—Smell him mother, madam, I mean—He gave me this ring for a kiss.

Tatt. O fy, miss ; you must not kiss and tell.

Miss. Yes ; I may tell my mother—And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so—Oh pray lend me your handkerchief—Smell, cousin ; he says, he'll give me something that will make my smock smell this way—Is not it pure ?—It's better than lavender mun—I'm resolv'd I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my smocks—ha, cousin ?

Mrs. Frail. Fy, miss ; amongst your linnen you must say—You must never say smock.

Miss.

Miss. Why, it is not bawdy, is it cousin?

Tatt. Oh madam; you are too severe upon miss; you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity, it becomes her strangely—pretty miss, don't let 'em persuade you out of your innocence.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, demm you, toad—I wish you don't persuade her out of her innocence.

Tatt. Who I, madam?—Oh lord, how can your ladyship have such a thought—sure you don't know me?

Mrs. Frail. Ah devil, fly devil—He's as close, sister, as a confessor—He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs. Fore. A cunning cur, how soon he cou'd find out a fresh harmless creature; and left us, sister, presently.

Tatt. Upon reputation.——

Mrs. Fore. They're all so, sister,——I warrant it would break Mr. *Tattle's* heart, to think that any body else should be beforehand with him.

Tatt. Oh lord, I swear I would not for the world—

Mrs. Frail. O hang you; who'll believe you?—You'd be hang'd before you'd confes—we know you—She's very pretty!—Lord, what pure red and white! she looks so wholesome—ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a man——

Miss. How you love to jeer one, cousin.

Mrs. Fore. Hark'ee, sister,—By my soul the girl is spoil'd already—d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly tarpawlin—Gad I warrant you, she won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle*.

Mrs. Frail. O' my soul, I'm afraid not—eh!—filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar—devil take you, you confounded toad—why did you see her, before she was married?

Mrs. Fore. Nay, why did we let him—My husband will hang us—He'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Mrs. Frail. Come, faith let us be gone—If my brother *Forefight* shou'd find us with them;—He'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. Fore. So he wou'd—but then leaving 'em together is as bad—And he's such a fly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Mrs. Frail. I don't care ; I won't be seen in't.

Mrs. Fore. Well, if you should, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a world to answer for, remember I wash my hands of it, I'm thoroughly innocent.

S C E N E XI.

Tattle, Miss *Prue*.

Miss. What makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle* ? What do they mean, do you know ?

Tatt. Yes, my dear—I think I can guess—But hang me if I know the reason of it.

Miss. Come, must not we go too ?

Tatt. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miss. No! what then? what shall you and I do together.

Tatt. I must make love to you, pretty miss; will you let me make love to you ?

Miss. Yes, if you please.

Tatt. Frank, I gad, at least. What a pox does Mrs. *Forefight* mean by this civility? is it to make a fool of me? or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do as she would be done by—Gad I'll understand it so. [*Aside.*

Miss. Well; and how will you make love to me—Come, I long to have you begin—must I make love too? You must tell me how.

Tatt. You must let me speak, miss, you must not speak first; I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss. What, is it like the catechism?—Come then, ask me.

Tatt. D'ye think you can love me ?

Miss. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, pox, you must not say yes already; I shan't care a farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miss. What must I say then ?

Tatt. Why you must say no, or you believe not, or you can't tell——

Miss. Why must I tell a lye then ?

Tatt. Yes, if you'll be well-bred. All well-bred persons lye—Besides, you are a woman, you must never speak what you think: your words must contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no, but you must love me too—If I tell you you are handsome, you must deny it,
and

and say I flatter you——But you must think yourself more charming than I speak you :——And like me for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself——If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry,——but more complying ; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss. O lord, I swear this is pure,—I like it better than our old fashion'd country way of speaking one's mind ;—and must not you lye too ?

Tatt. Hum——Yes——But you must believe I speak truth.

Miss. O *Gemini* ! Well, I always had a great mind to tell lyes—but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty creature ; will you make me happy by giving me a kiss ?

Miss. No, indeed ; I'm angry at you.——

[*Runs and kisses him.*]

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you should not have given it me, but have suffered me to have taken it.

Miss. Well, we'll do't again.

Tatt. With all my heart——Now then my little angel,
[*Kisses her.*]

Miss. Pish.

Tatt. That's right,—Again my charmer. [*Kisses again.*]

Miss. O fy, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable ! that was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent Garden*.——And won't you shew me, pretty miss, where your bed-chamber is ?

Miss. No, indeed won't I ; but I'll run there, and hide myself from you behind the curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miss. Ah, but I'll hold the door with both hands, and be angry ;——and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tatt. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss. Will you ? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out

Miss. O but you shan't, for I'll hold my tongue.——

Tatt. Oh my dear apt scholar.

Miss. Well, now I'll run and make more haste than you.

Tatt. You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue. ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Nurse alone.

Nurse **M**ISS, miss, miss *Prue*—Mercy on me, marry and amen. Why, what's become of the child?—Why miss, miss *Forefight*—Sure she has lockt herself up in her chamber, and gone to sleep, or to prayers: miss, miss, I hear her—Come to your father, child: open the door—Open the door, miss,—I hear you cry husht—O lord, who's there? [*peeps.*] What's here to do?—O the father! a man with her!—Why, miss I say; God's my life, here's fine doing towards—O lord, we'er all undone—O you young harlotry [*Knocks*] Od's my life, won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

Miss. O lord, she's coming—and she'll tell my father, what shall I do now?

Tatt. Pox take her? if she had staid two minutes longer, I shou'd have wished for her coming.

Miss. O dear, what shall I say? tell me Mr. *Tattle*, tell me a lye.

Tatt. There's no occasion for a lye; I could never tell a lye to no purpose—But since we have done nothing, we must say nothing. I think, I hear her—I'll leave you together, and come of as you can.

[Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.]

SCENE III.

Tattle, Valentine, Scandal, Angelica.

Ang. You can't accuse me of inconstancy; I never told you that I lov'd you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You mistake indifference for uncertainty! I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

Scan. Nor good-nature enough to answer him that did ask you: I'll say that for you, madam.

Ang.

Ang. What are you setting up for good-nature ?

Scan. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill-nature.

Ang. Persuade your friend, that it is all affectation.

Scan. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion : for I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Sir Sampson, Mrs. Frail, Miss Prue, and Servant.*

Sir Samp. Is *Ben* come ? odso, my son *Ben* come ? odd, I'm glad on't : where is he ? I long to see him. Now, *Mrs. Frail*, you shall see my son *Ben*—Body o'me, he's the hopes of my family—I han't seen him these three years—I warrant he's grown——Call him in, bid him make haste——I'm ready to cry for joy

Mrs. Frail. Now miss you shall see your husband.

Miss. Pish, he shall be none of my husband.

Aside to Frail.

Mrs. Frail. Hush : well he shan't ; leave that to me—I'll beckon Mr. *Tattle* to us.

Ang. Won't you stay and see your brother ?

Val. We are the twin-stars, and cannot shine in one sphere ; when he rises I must set—Besides, if I should stay, I don't know but my father in good nature may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate ; and I'll defer it as long as I can—Well, you'll come to a resolution.

Ang. I can't. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scan. Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you ; I've something in my head to communicate to you.

S C E N E V.

Angelica, Sir Sampson, Tattle, Mrs. Frail, Miss Prue.

Sir Samp. What, is my son *Valentine* gone ? What, is he sneak'd off, and would not see his brother ? There's an unnatural whelp ! there's an ill natur'd dog ! what were you here too, madam, and could not keep him ! could neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection oblige him. Odsbud, madam, have no more to say to him ; he is not worth your consideration.

consideration. The rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him : all interest, all interest ; he's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate : body o'me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, *Sir Sampson* ; for if ever I could have lik'd any thing in him, it should have been his estate too : but since that's gone, the bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir Sam. Oddsbud, well spoken ; and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were : for most young women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked hook.

Ang. If I marry *Sir Sampson*, I'm for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate : therefore if I were oblig'd to make a choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir Samp. Faith and troth you're a wise woman and I'm glad to hear you say so ; I was afraid you were in love with the reprobate ; odd, I was sorry for you with all my heart : hang him, mungrel ; cast him off ; you shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding *Cadua* of fourscore for sustenance. Odd, I love to see a young spend-thrift forc'd to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak : faith I do ; I love to see 'em hug and cotten together, like down upon a thistle.

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] *Ben*, *Legend*, and *Servant*.

Ben. Where's father ?

Serv. There, sir, his back's toward you.

Sir Samp. My son *Ben* ! bless thee my dear boy ; body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you father, and I'm glad to see you.

Sir Samp. Oddsbud, and I'm glad to see thee, kiss me, boy, kiss me again and again, dear *Ben*. [Kisses him.]

Ben. So, so, enough father—Mefs, I'd rather kiss these gentlewoman.

Sir Samp. And so thou shalt——*Mrs. Angelica*, my son *Ben*.

Ben. Forsooth if you please——[*Salutes her.*] Nay mistress, I'm not for dopping anchor here ; about ship I faith——[Kisses]

—[*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat
 ———— to ———— [*Kisses Miss*]

Tatt. Sir, you're welcome a-shore.

Ben. Thank yon, thank you, friend.

Sir Samp. Thou hast been many a weary league *Ben*, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been ! been far enough, an that be all—Well, Father, and how do all at home ? how does brother *Dick* and brother *Val* ?

Sir Samp. *Dick*, body o'me, *Dick* has been dead these two years ; I writ you word, when you were at *Leghorn*.

Ben. Mefs, that's true : marry I had forgot. *Dick's* dead as you say—Well, and how ? I have many questions to ask you ; well, you ben't marry'd again father, be you ?

Sir Samp. No, I intend you shall marry, *Ben* ; I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify ?—an your marry again—Why then, I'll go to sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all—Pray don't let me be your hindrance ; e'en marry a god's name an the wind sit that way. As for my part, may-hap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs. Frail. That wou'd be pity, such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome ! he, he, he, nay forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we sayn at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land : I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it : now a man that is marry'd, has as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and may-hap mayn't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir. Samp. *Ben's* a wag.

Ben. A man that is marry'd, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a gally-slave is like one of us free sailors, he is chain'd to an oar all his life ; and may-hap forc'd to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir Samp. A very wag, *Ben's* a very wag ; only a little rough, he want's a little polishing.

Mrs. Frail. Not at all ; I like his humour mightily, it's plain and honest, I thou'd like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben.

Ben. Say'n you so forsooth ? marry, and I shou'd like such a handsome gentlewoman for a bedfellow hugely ; how say you, mistress, wou'd you like going to sea ? mefs, you're a tight vessel, and well rigg'd, and you were but as well mann'd.

Mrs. Frail. I shou'd not doubt that, if you were master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady——You mayn't carry so much sail o' your head——Top and top gallant, by the mefs.

Mrs. Frail. No, why so ?

Ben. Why an you do, you may run the risk to be overfet, and then you'll carry your keels above water, he, he, he.

Ang. I swear Mr. *Benjamin* is the veriest wag in nature ; an absolute sea-wit.

Sir Samp. Nay *Ben* has parts, but as I told you before they want a little polishing : You must not take any thing ill, madam.

Ben. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry ; I mean all in good part : for if I give a jest, I'll take a jest : and so forsooth you may be as free with me

Ang. I thank you sir, I am not at all offended ;—But methinks, *Sir Sampson*, you shou'd leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. *Tattle*, we must not hinder lovers.

Tatt. Well *Miss*, I have your promise. [*Aside to Miss.*

Sir Samp. Body o'me, madam you say true :—Look you, *Ben*, this is your mistress——Come, *Miss*, you must not be shame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miss. I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my cousin stay with me ?

Sir Samp. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you, father, may-hap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.——

Sir Samp. I warrant thee, boy, come, come, we'll be gone ; I'll venture that.

S C E N E VII.

Ben, and Miss Prue.

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down ? for an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together, —Come, I'll haule a chair ; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss.

Miss. You need not sit so near one, if you have any thing to say, I can hear you father off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb, I can be heard as far as another,—I'll heave off to please you. [*Sits further off*] An we were a league assunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you forsooth, I am as it were, bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage d'ye see, that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by father, and if you like of it, may-hap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? the short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No, I'm sorry for that.——But pray why are you so scornful?

Miss. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a lye for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a folly to lye: for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way; is as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board, I'm not for keeping any thing under hatches,—so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a god's name, there's no harm done; may-hap you may be shame-fac'd, some maid-ens thof' they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face: if that's the case, why silence gives consent.

Miss. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you shall believe that; and I'll speak truth, tho' one should always tell a lye to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: so, there's your answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil.—As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a ropes end;—And may-hap I like you as little as you do me:—What I said was in obedience to father; gad I fear a whipping

ping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you shou'd give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o'nine-tails laid cross your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? you heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord: whatever you think of yourself, gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a can of small-beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss. Well and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash you jacket for you, he will, you great sea-calf.

Ben. What, do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? will he thrash my jacket?—Let'n—let'n.—But an he comes near me, may-hap I may have giv'n a salt Eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean to leave me alone as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy—Sea-calf? I an't calf enough to lick your chalk'd face, you cheese-curd you,—marry thee! Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* witch as focn, and live upon selling contrary winds, and wreck'd vessels.

Miss. I won't be call'd names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, so I won't—If I were a man—[*Cries.*—]you durst not talk at this rate—No you durst not, you stinking tar-barrel.

S C E N E VIII.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail.*

Mrs. Fore. They have quarrel'd just as we cou'd wish.

Ben. Tar barrel? let your sweet-heart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your *Tom Essence*, and I'll say something to him; gad I'll lace his musk-doublet for him, I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a weasel than a civet-cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. Fore. Bless me, what's the matter, miss? what does she cry?—*Mr. Benjamin*, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: the more she cries the less she'll—she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs. Fore. Come, miss, come along with me, and tell me, poor child.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frail. Lord, what shall we do, there's my brother *Forefight*, and *Sir Sampson* coming. Sister do you take miss down into the parlour, and I'll carry Mr. *Benjamin* into my chamber, for they must not know that they are fall'n out.—Come, sir, will you venture yourself with me?

[*Looking kindly on him.*]

Ben. Venture, mefs, and that I will, tho' 'twere to sea in a storm.

S C E N E IX.

Sir Sampson and Forefight.

Sir Samp. I left 'em together here? what are they gone?
Ben's a brisk boy: he has got her into a corner, father's own son, faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzzle her: the rogue's sharp set, coming from sea; if he shou'd not stay for saying grace, old *Forefight*, but fall to without the help of a parson, ha? odd if he shou'd, I cou'd not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A chip of the old block*. Ha! thou'rt melancholic, old prognostication; as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or par'd thy nails on a Sunday:—Come, cheer up, look about thee: look up old star-gazer. Now is he poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him.

Fore. *Sir Sampson*, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir Samp. With all my heart.

Fore. At ten a clock, punctually at ten.

Sir Samp. To a minute, to a second; thou shalt set thy watch, and the bridegroom shall observe its motions.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, sir.

Fore. What's the matter?

Serv. Mr. *Scandal*, sir, desires to speak to you, upon earnest business, which must be told you, he says within this hour or 'twill be too late.

Fore. I'll wait on him.—*Sir Sampson* your servant.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Samp. What is this business, friend?

Serv. Sir, 'tis about your son *Valentine* something has appeared

appeared to him in a dream, that makes him prophecy.
[Exit Serv.]

Sir Samp. Hoity toity, what have I to do with his dreams or his divination—Body o' me, this is a trick to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant the devil will tell him in a dream, that he must not part with his estate, but I'll bring him a parson, to tell him, that the devil's a liar—Or if that won't do, I'll bring a lawyer that shall out-lye the devil. And so I'll try whether my black-guard or his shall get the better of the day.
[Exit.]

Enter Scandal, Mrs. Foresight and Servant.

Mrs. Fore. Go to your master with the great book of palmistry, it lies in the parlour window.

Serv. Yes, madam.
[Exit.]

Mrs. Fore. Are not you a devil to amuse my poor husband about *Valentine*, and send him to pore over his books at this time of night, only that you might have an opportunity of seducing me.

Scan. No faith all that concerns *Valentine*, is too true, as I'm afraid will be prov'd to morrow—But for that opportunity you was speaking of—I think this too favourable a one to be lost.

Mrs. Fore. Why you dont think you are ever like to succeed in your design upon me?

Scan. Yes faith, I have a better opinion of you, and myself too, than to despair.

Mrs. Fore. I'll swear you're impudent.

Scan. I'll swear you're handsome.

Mrs. Fore. Pish, you'd tell me so, though you did not think so.

Scan. And you'd think so, tho' I shou'd not tell you so. And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. Fore. O lord, who's here?

S C E N E XV.

[To them] *Mrs. Frail and Ben.*

Ben. Mefs, I love to speak my mind—Father has nothing to do with me,—Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me. But what does that signify? If so be, that

that I ben't minded to be steer'd by him ; 'tis as tho'f he should strive against wind and tide.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, but my dear, we must keep it secret 'till the estate be settled ; for you know marrying without an estate, is like sailing in a ship without ballast.

Ben. He, he, he ; why that's true ; just so for all the world it is indeed, as like as two cable ropes.

Mrs. Frail. And tho' I have a good portion ; you know one would not venture all in one bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again - for may-hap one bottom may spring a leak. You have hit it indeed, mifs, you've nick'd the channel.

Mrs. Frail. Well, but if you should forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

Ben. Break your heart ? I'd rather the *Marygold* shou'd break her cable in a storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a land man. A sailor will be honest, tho'f may-hap he has never a penny of mone-ney in his pocket——May-hap I may not have so fair a face as a citizen or a courtier ; but for all that, I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as sound as a bisket.

Mrs. Frail. And will you love me always ?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like pitch ; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a song of a sailor.

Mrs. Frail. Hold, there's my sister, I'll call her to hear it. If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a song.

Ben. The song was made upon one of our ships-crew's wife ; our boat-swain made the song, may-hap you may know her, fir. Before she was marry'd, she was call'd Bux-om Joan of Deptford.

Scan. I have heard of her.

[*Ben sings.*

B A L L A D.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

I.

A Soldier and a sailor,
 A tinker, and a taylor,
 Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
 To make a maid a wife, fir,
 Whose name was buxom *Joan*.
 For now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended,
 To lick her lips at men, fir,
 And know the sheets in vain, fir,
 And lie o' nights alone.

II.

The soldier swore like thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder ;
 And shew'd her many a scar, fir,
 That he had brought from far, fir,
 With fighting for her sake.
 The taylor thought to please her,
 With off'ring her his measure.
 The tinker too with mettle,
 Said he could mend her kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry leak.

III.

But while these three were prating,
 The sailor sily waiting,
 'Thought if it came about, fir,
 That they should all fall out, fir,
 He then might play his part.
 And just e'en as he meant, fir,
 To loggerheads they went, fir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A shot 'twixt wind and water,
 That won this fair maid's heart.

Ben.

Ben. We're merry folks, we sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at sea; eat bisket, and drink flip; put on a clean shirt once a quarter—Come home, and lie with our landladies once a year, get rid of a little money; and then put off with the next fair wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. Frail. O' you are the happiest, merriest men alive.

Mrs. Fore. We're beholden to Mr. Benjamin for this entertainment. I believe it's late.

Ben. Why, forsooth, and you think so, you had best go to bed. For my part, I mean to toss a can, and remember my sweetheart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Mrs. Fore. Mr. Scandal, you had best go to bed and dream too.

Scan. Why faith, I have a good lively imagination; and can dream as much to the purpose as another.

*There's nought but willing, waking love, that can
Make blest the ripen'd maid and finish'd man.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Valentine's Lodging.

Scandal and Jeremy.

Scan. WELL, is your master ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jere. Yes sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was so near turning poet yesterday morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to day.

Scan. Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the reason of his design?

Jere. No, sir, not yet?—He has a mind to try, whether his playing the madman, won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him; or at least own, that she has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. I saw her take coach just now with her maid; and think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

Jere. Like enough, sir, for I told her maid this morning, my master was run stark mad only for love of her mistress; I hear a coach stop; if it should be she, sir, I believe he would not see her, 'till he hears how she takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her——'Tis she, here she comes.

SCENE II.

[To them] *Angelica with Jenny.*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I suppose you don't think it a novelty, to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings in a morning?

Scan. Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But when a lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruin'd lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty; the barbarity of it something surprises me.

Ang. I don't like raillery from a serious face——
Pray tell me what is the matter?

Jere. No strange matter, madam; my master's mad, that's all: I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jere. Why faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of money; his head is e'en as light as his pockets; and any body that has a
mind

mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

Ang. If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is very unseasonable——

Scan. She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a man I must own myself oblig'd to——pray tell me truth.

Scan. Faith, madam, I wish telling a lye would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

Ang. [*Aside.*] I know not what to think——Yet I shou'd be vext to have a trick put upon me——May I not see him?

Scan. I'm afraid the physician is not willing you shou'd see him yet——*Jeremy*, go in and enquire.

S C E N E III.

Scandal, *Angelica*, *Jenny*.

Ang. Ha! I saw him wink and smile——I fancy 'tis a trick——I'll try——I would disguise to all the world a failing, which I must own to you——I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of *Valentine*.

Scan. So, this is pretty plain——Be not too much concern'd madam; I hope his condition is not desperate: An acknowledgment of love from you, perhaps, may work a cure; as the fear of your aversion occasion'd his distemper.

Ang. [*Aside.*] Say you so; nay then I'm convinc'd, And if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge——Acknowledgment of love! I find you have mistastten my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I'm a stranger to. Good nature and humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my power nor inclination.

Scan. Hey, brave woman, I'faith——Won't you see him then, if he desire it?

Ang. What signify a madman's desires? Besides, 'twou'd make me uneasy——If I don't see him, perhaps my concern for him may lessen——If I forget him 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the surprize is over, methinks I am not half so sorry as I was.——

Scan. So, faith good nature works apace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

Ang. But I have consider'd that passions are unreasonable and involuntary; if he love's he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman; or no more than I can help the want of inclination to stay longer here——Come, *Jenny*.

S C E N E IV.

Scandal, *Jeremy*.

Scan. Humph!——An admirable composition, faith, this same womankind.

Jere. What, is she gone, sir?

Scan. Gone; why she was never here, nor any where else; nor I don't know her if I see her; nor you neither.

Jere. Good lack! what's the matter now? are any more of us to be mad? why, sir, my master longs to see her; and is almost mad in good earnest, with the joyful news of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a mistake—Ask no questions, for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your master. In the mean time, if our project succeed no better with his father than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear sir *Samson*. You know your cue; I'll to your master.

S C E N E V.

Jeremy, *Sir Sampson Legend*, with a Lawyer.

Sir Samp. D'ye see, Mr. *Buckram*, here's the paper sign'd with his own hand.

Buck. Good, sir. And the conveyance is ready drawn in this box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir Samp. Ready, body o'me, he must be ready: His sham-sickness shan't excuse him——O, here's his scoundrel, sirrah, where's your master?

Jere. Ah, sir, he's quite gone.

Sir Samp. Gone! what, he is not dead?

Jere. No, sir, not dead.

Sir Samp. What, is he gone out of town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? speak, varlet.

Jere.

Jere. No, no, fir, he's safe enough, fir, an he were but as sound, poor gentleman. He is indeed here, fir, and not here, fir.

Sir Samp. Hey day, rascal, do you banter me? firrah, d'ye banter me,——Speak, firrah, where is he, for I will find him.

Jere. Would you could, fir; for he has lost himself. Indeed, fir, I have almost broke my heart about him—I can't refrain tears when I think of him, fir; I'm as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, fir; or a horse in a pound.

Sir Samp. A pox confound your similitudes, fir——Speak to be understood, and tell me in plain terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your fool's skull.

Jere. Ah, you've hit it, fir; that's the matter with him, fir; his skull's crack'd, poor gentleman; he's stark mad, fir.

Sir Samp. Mad!

Buck. What, is he *Non Compos*?

Jere. Quite *Non Compos*, fir.

Buck. Why then all's obliterated, *Sir Sampson*, if he be *Non Compos Mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect, it is not good in law.

Sir Samp. Oons, I won't believe it; let me see him, fir——Mad, I'll make him find his senses.

Jere. Mr. *Scandal* is with him, fir; I'll knock at the door.

[*Goes to the scene which opens.*]

S C E N E VI.

Sir Sampson, *Valentine*, *Scandal*, *Jeremy*, and *Lawyer*,
(*Valentine upon a Couch disorderly dress'd.*)

Sir Samp. How now, what's here to do?

Val. Ha! Who's that?

[*Sarting.*]

Scan. For heaven's sake softly, fir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir Samp. Gads bobs, does he not know me? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently——*Val*, *Val*, dost thou not know me, boy? not know thy own father, *Val*! I am thy own father, and this is honest *Brief Buckram* the lawyer.

Val. It may be so——I did not know you——the world is full——There are people that we do know,

and people that we do not know; and yet the sun shines upon all alike——There are fathers that have many children; and there are children that have many fathers——'tis strange! but I am truth, and come to give the world the lye.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why does that lawyer wear black?——Does he carry his conscience without sive?——lawyer, what art thou? dost thou know me?

Buck. O lord, what must I say?——Yes, sir.

Val. Thou lyest, for I am truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood amongst you. I have been sworn out of *Westminster-Hall* the first day of every term——Let me see——No matter how long——But I'll tell you one thing; it's a question that would puzzle an arithmetician, if you should ask him, whether the bible saves more souls in *Westminster-Abbey*, or damns more in *Westminster-Hall*: for my part, I am truth, and can't tell; I have very few acquaintance.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, he talks sensibly in his madness——Has he no intervals.

Jer. Very short, sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do you no service while he's in this condition: here's your paper, sir——He may do me a mischief if I stay——The conveyance is ready, sir, if he recover his senses.

S C E N E VII.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Sir Samp. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, sir; and send for him if there be occasion; for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the lawyer gone? 'tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the ears——heigh ho! what a clock is't? my father here! your blessing, sir?

Sir Samp. He recovers——bless thee, *Val.*——How dost thou do, boy?

Val. Thank you, sir, pretty well——I have been a little out of order; won't you please to sit, sir?

Sir

Sir Sam. Ay boy,———Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.

Sir Sam. No, no, come, come, sit thee down, honest *Val*: How dost thou do? let me feel thy pulse——Oh, pretty well now, *Val*: body o'me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed: but I'm glad thou art better, honest *Val*.

Val. I thank you, sir.

Scan. Miracle! the monster grows loving. [*Aside.*]

Sir Sam. Let me feel thy hand again, *Val*: It does not shake—I believe thou canst write, *Val*: ha, boy, thou canst write thy name, *Val*?——*Jeremy*, step and overtake Mr. *Buckram*, bid him make haste back with the conveyance—quick—quick. [*In whisper to Jeremy.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. That ever I shou'd suspect such a heathen of any remorse! [*Aside.*]

Sir Samp. Dost thou know this paper, *Val*? I know thou'rt honest, and will perform articles.

[*Shows him the paper, but holds it out of his Reach.*]

Val. Pray let me see it, sir. You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir Samp. See it, boy? ay, ay, why thou dost see it——'tis thy own hand, *Vally*. Why let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*Reads*] *The Conditions of this Obligation*—Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins—And then at the bottom—*As witness my Hand, VALENTINE LEGEND*, in great letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the nose in one's face: what, are my eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet—let me see.

[*Stretches his Arm as far as he can.*]

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, sir?

Sir Sam. Let thee hold it sayest thou——Ay, with all my heart——What matter is it who holds it? what need any body hold it?——I'll put it in my pocket *Val.* and then no body need hold it [*Puts the paper in his pocket.*] There *Val.* it's safe enough, boy——But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little *Val.*

[To them] Jeremy with Buckram.

Val. What, is my bad genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the lawyer with an itching palm: and he's come to be scratch'd——My nails are not long enough——Let me have a pair of red-hot tongs quickly, quickly, and you shall see me act *St. Dunstan*, and lead the devil by the nose.

Buckr. O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture my self with a madman.

S C E N E X.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Val. Ha, ha, ha; you need not run so fast, honesty will not overtake you——Ha, ha, ha, the rogue found me out to be in *Forma Pauperis* presently.

Sir Samp. Ooons! What a vexation is here! I know not what to do, or say, nor which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way?—I am truth, and can set him right——Harkee, friend, the straight road is the worst way you can go——He that follows his nose always, will very often be led into a stink. *Probatum est.* But what are you for, religion or politics? There's a couple of topics for you, no more like one another than oil and vinegar; and yet those two beaten together by a state cook, make sauce for the whole nation.

Sir Samp. What the devil had I to do, ever to beget sons? why did I ever marry?

Val. Because thou wert a monster; old boy? The two greatest monsters in the world, are a man and a woman? What's thy opinion?

Sir Sam. Why, my opinion is, that those two monsters join'd together, make yet a greater, that's a man and his wife.

Val. A ha! Old Truepenny, say'st thou so: thou hast nick'd it——But it's wonderful strange, *Jeremy.*

Jer. What is, sir?

Val. That grey hairs shou'd cover a green head——and I make a fool of my father. What's here! *Erra pater*: or a bearded sibyl: if prophecy comes, truth must give place.

S C E N E

SCENE XI.

Sir Sampson, Scandal, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight,
Mrs. Frail.

Fore. What says he? What, did he prophesy? Ha, Sir Sampson, bless us! How are we?

Sir Samp. Are we? A pox o' your prognostications—Why, we are fools as we used to be——Oons, that you could not foresee, that the moon wou'd predominate, and my son be mad——Where's your oppositions, your trines, and your quadrates——What did your *Cordan* and your *Ptolomy* tell you? Your *Messabalah* and your *Longomontanus*, your harmony of chiromancy with astrology. Ah! pox on't, that I that know the world, and men and manners, that don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun and almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omen-hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour. When, body o'me, there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity.

SCENE XII.

Scandal, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail.

Fore. Ah, Sir Sampson, heav'n help your head——This is none of your lucky hour; *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*, What is he gone, and in contempt of science! Ill stars, and unconvertable ignorance attend him.

Scan. You must excuse his passion, Mr. Foresight; for he has been heartily vex'd—His son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in law; so that all his measures are disappointed.

Fore. Ha! say you so?

Mrs. Frail. What, has my sea-lover lost his anchor of hope then? [Aside to Mrs. Foresight.]

Mrs. Fore. Oh, sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. Frail. Do with him, send him to sea again in the next foul weather—He's us'd to an inconstant element, and won't be surpriz'd to see the tide turn'd.

Fore. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?—— [Considers.]

Scan. You look pretty well, Mr. Foresight.—How did you rest last night?

Fore. Truly, Mr. Scandal, I was so taken up with broken dreams and distracted visions, that I remember little.

Scan. But would you not talk with *Valentine*, perhaps

you may understand him ; I'm apt to believe there is something mysterious in his discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspir'd than mad.

Fere. You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. *Scandal*, truly—I am inclining to your *Turkish* opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him,

Mrs. Frail. Sister, do you stay with them ; I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you. O' my conscience here he comes.

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. Frail, Ben.

Eer. All mad, I think — Flesh, I believe all the calentures of the sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. Frail. Mr. *Benjamin* in choler !

Ben. No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found you—Meffs, I have had such a hurricane upon your account yonder ———

Mrs. Frail. My account, pray, what's the matter ?

Ben. Why, father came and found me squabbling with yon chitty-fac'd thing, as he would have me marry,—so he ask'd what was the matter.—He ask'd in a surly sort of a way—(It seems brother *Val* is gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion ; but what did I know of that, what's that to me ?)—So he ask'd in a surly sort of a manner,—and gad I answer'd 'en as furlily, what tho'f he be my father, I an't bound prentice to 'en :—so faith, I told'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him : and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and to make dirt pies, than to look after a husband ; for my part, I was none of her man.—I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. Frail. So then, you intend to go to sea again ?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you,—but I wou'd not tell him so much—So he said he'd make my heart ake ; and if so be that he cou'd get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the fool and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aking than my heart.—He was woundy angry when I gav'n that wipe—He had'nt a word to say, and so I left'n,
and

and the green girl together : may-hap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my heart.

Mrs. Frail. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father ?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first.—If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so ? I did not get myself.

Mrs. Frail. O impiety ! how have I been mistaken ! What an inhuman merciless creature have I set my heart upon ? O I am happy to have discover'd the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling face.

Ben. Hey tofs ! What's the matter now ? why you ben't angry, be you ?

Mrs. Frail. O see me no more,—for thou wert born amongst rocks, suckl'd by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds ; and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey.

Ben. O lord, O lord, she's mad, poor young woman, love has turn'd her senses, her brain is quite overlet. Well a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights ?

Mrs. Frail. No, no, I am not mad, monster, I am wise enough to find you out.—Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband with that stubborn and disobedient temper ?—You that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife ? I should have been finely fobb'd indeed, very finely fobb'd.

Ben. Harkee forsooth ; if so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see ; for ought as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobb'd,—if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tack'd about already.—What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroaking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what wou'd you sheer off so ? Wou'd you, and leave me a-ground ?

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then ?

Mrs. Frail. Only the wind's chang'd.

Ben. More shame for you,—the wind's chang'd ?——It's an ill wind blows no body good,—may-hap I have

a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks—what did you mean all this while, to make a fool of me?

Mrs. Frail. Any fool but a husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad I wou'd not be your husband, if you wou'd have me; now I know your mind, tho'f you had your weight in gold and jewels, and tho'f I lov'd you never so well.

Mrs. Frail. Why, can't thou love, *Perpuffe*?

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call names,—I don't love you so well, as to bear that, whatever I did,—I'm glad you shew yourself, mistress:—Let them marry you, as don't know you:—Gad I know you too well, by sad experience; I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a hen-peck'd frigate—I believe that, young woman—and may-hap may come to an anchor at *Cuckelds Point*; so there's a dash for you, take it as you will, may-hap you may holla after me when I won't come too.

Mrs. Frail. Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't,—*My true love is gone to sea* ~~—————~~ [Sings.]

S C E N E XIV.

Mrs. Frail, Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. Frail. O sister, had you come a minute sooner, you would have seen the resolution of a lover,—Honest Tarr and I are parted—and with the same indifference that we met;—O' my life I am half vex'd at the insensibility of a brute that I despis'd.

Mrs. Fore. What then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. Frail. Most tyrannically,—for you see he has got the start of me; and I the poor forsaken maid am left complaining on the shore. But I'll tell you a hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampson* is enraged, and talks desperately of committing matrimony himself.—If he has a mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. Fore. O hang him, old fox, he's too cunning, besides he hates both you and me.—But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with *Jeremy, Valentine's* man, to sell his master to us.

Mrs. Frail. Sell him, how?

Mrs. Fore. *Valentine* raves upon *Angelica*, and took me
I for

for her, and *Jeremy* says will take any body for her that he imposes on him.—Now I have promised him mountains ; if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you marry'd together, and put to bed together ; and after consummation, girl, there's no revoking. And if he should recover his senses, he'll be glad at least to make you a good settlement—Here they come, stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the design.

S C E N E XV.

Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail, Valentine, Scandal, Foresight, and Jeremy.

Scan. And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him ? *[To Jeremy.]*

Jere. Yes, sir ; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica*.

Scan. It may make us sport.

Fore. Mercy on us !

Val. Hush!—Interrupt me not—I'll whisper prediction to thee and thou shalt prophesy ;—I have told thee what's past,—Now I'll tell what's to come ;—Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow ?—Answer me not—For I will tell thee. To-morrow, knaves will thrive thro' craft, and fools thro' fortune, and honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt in a summer-suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

Scan. Ask him, Mr. *Foresight*.

Fore. Pray what will be done at court ?

Val. *Scandal* will tell you ;—I am truth I never come there.

Fore. In the city ?

Val. Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches, at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh things will go methodically in the city, the clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horn'd herd buz in the exchange at two. Wives and husbands will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stratagem. And the cropt prentice, that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may ten to one dirty his sheets before night. But
there

there are two things that you will see very strange ; which are wanton wives, with their legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds, with chains about their necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further ; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband ?

Fore. I am married.

Val. Poor creature ! Is your wife of *Covent-Garden* parish !

Fore. No ; *St. Martin's* in the fields.

Val. Alas ; poor man ; his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivell'd : his legs dwindled, and his back bow'd, pray, pray, for a metamorphosis—Change thy shape, and shake off age : get thee *Medea's* kettle, and be boil'd anew ; come forth with lab'ring callous hands, a chine of steel, and *Atlas's* shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha ! that a man shou'd have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. His frenzy is very high now, *Mr. Scandal*.

Scan. I believe it is a spring tide.

Fore. Very likely truly ; you understand these matters—*Mr. Scandal*, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has utter'd—His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would *Angelica* be absent from my eyes so long ?

Jere. She's here, sir.

Mrs. Fore. Now, sister.

Mrs. Frail. O lord, what must I say ?

Scan. Humour him, madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she ? Oh I see her—She comes, like riches, health and liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandon'd wretch, Oh welcome, welcome.

Mrs. Frail. How d'ye you, sir ? can I serve you ?

Val. Harkee ;—I have a secret to tell you—*Endymion* and the moon shall meet us upon mount *Latmos*, and we'll be married in the dead of night—But say not a word. *Hymen* shall put his torch into a dark lanthorn, that it may be secret ; and *Juno* shall give her *Peacock* poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail, and *Argus's* hundred eyes be shut, ha ? no body shall know but *Jeremy*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frail. No, no, we'll keep it secret, it shall be done presently.

Val. The sooner the better—*Jeremy*, come hither—closer—That none may over hear us;—*Jeremy*, I can tell you news; *Angelica* is turn'd nun; and I am turning friar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the pope—Get me a coul and beads, that I may play my part,—For she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project, and we won't see one another's faces, 'till we have done something to be asham'd of; and then we'll blush once for all.

S C E N E XVI.

[*To them*] *Tattle and Angelica.*

Jere. I'll take care, and——

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, if you make love to me, you spoil my design, for I intended to make you my confident.

Tatt. But, madam, to throw away your person, such a person! and such a fortune on a madman!

Ang. I never lov'd him till he was mad; but don't tell any body so.

Scan. How's this! *Tattle* making love to *Angelica*!

Tatt. Tell, madam! alas, you don't know me—I have much ado to tell your ladyship, how long I have been in love with you—But encouraged by the impossibility of *Valentine's* making any more addresses to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmost passion of my heart. Oh, madam, look upon us both. There you see the ruins of a poor decay'd creature—Here a compleat and lively figure, with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, madam; and to all this, the most passionate lover——

Ang. O fy for shame, hold your tongue, a passionate lover, and five senses in perfection! when you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the madest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha! who's here?

Mrs. Frail. O lord, her coming will spoil all.

[*To Jeremy.*]

Jere. No, no, madam, he won't know her; if he shou'd I can perswade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these? foreigners? If they are,
I'll

I'll tell you what I think—Get away all the company but *Angelica*, that I may discover my design to her.

[*Whisper.*

Scan. I will—I have discovered something of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with *Mrs. Frail*. He courts *Angelica*; if we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together—Hark'ee—

[*Whisper.*

Mrs. Fore He won't know you, cousin, he knows no body.

Fore. But he knows more than any body,—Oh niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. *Forefight*, it is not my way to make many words of matters, and so I shan't say much,—But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pound now, that I know more secrets than he.

Fore. How! I cannot read that knowledge in your face, Mr. *Tattle*—Pray, what do you know?

Tatt. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, sir! read it in my face? No, sir, 'tis written in my heart; and safer there, sir, than letters writ in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out. I am no blab, sir.

Val. Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may easily bring it about.—They are welcome, and I'll tell 'em so myself. [*To Scandal.*] What, do you look strange upon me?—Then I must be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am truth, and hate an old acquaintance with a new face.

[*Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.*

Tatt. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. You? who are you? no, I hope not.

Tatt. I am *Jack Tattle*, your friend.

Val. My friend, what to do? I am no married man, and thou can'st not lie with my wife: I am very poor, and thou can'st not borrow money of me: Then what employment have I for a friend?

Tatt. Hah! a good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

Ang. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. Oh very well.

Ang. Who am I?

Val. You're a woman,—One to whom heav'n gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflexion of heav'n in a pond, and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are

are all white, a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you first are born; but you are to be scrawl'd and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I lov'd a woman, and lov'd her so long, that I found out a strange thing: I found out what a woman was good for.

Tatt. Ay, prithee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a secret.

Tatt. O lord!

Val. O exceeding good to keep a secret: for tho' she should tell, yet she is not to be believ'd.

Tatt. Hah! good again, faith.

Jere. I'll do't, sir.

[*To Scandal.*

Scan. Mr. *Forefight*, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

Jere. [*To Mrs. Frail.*] You'll meet, madam;—I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. Frail. Thou shalt do what thou wilt, in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To Angelica.*

Ang. No, I'll stay with him—Mr. *Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tatt. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that—Madam, will you do me the honour?

Mrs. Fore. Mr. *Tattle* might have us'd less ceremony.

S C E N E XVII.

Angelica, Valentine, Scandal,

Scan. *Jeremy*, follow *Tattle*.

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle*.

Scan. Madam, I am very glad that I over-heard a better reason, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*; for his impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a kindness for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the discovery; and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

Ang. Oh heav'ns! you won't leave me alone with a madman?

Scan. No, madam; I only leave a madman to his remedy.

SCENE

S C E N E XVIII.

Angelica, Valentine.

Val. Madam, you need not be much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to myself.

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [*Aside.*

Val. You see what disguises love makes us put on; gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this masque of madness, and this motly livery, only as the slave of love, and menial creature of your beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me how he talks! poor *Valentine*.

Val. Nay, faith, now let us understand one another, hypocrisy apart—The comedy draws towards an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves; and since you have lov'd me, you must own, I have at length deserv'd you shou'd confess it.

Ang. [*sighs.*] I wou'd I had lov'd you—for heaven knows I pity you; and cou'd I have foreseen the bad effects, I would have striven? but that's too late. [*sighs.*

Val. What sad effects? What's too late: my seeming madness has deceiv'd my father, and procured me time to think of means to reconcile me to him; and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate; which otherwise by articles, I must this morning have resign'd: and this I had inform'd you of to-day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here:

Ang. How! I thought your love of me had caus'd this transport in your soul; which it seems, you only counterfeited; for by mercenary ends, and sordid interest—

Val. Nay, now you do me wrong; for if any interest was consider'd it was yours; since I thought I wanted more than love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary—But how am I deluded by this interval of sense, to reason with a mad-man?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

S C E N E XIX.

[*To them*] *Jeremy.*

Ang. Oh here's a reasonable creature—Sure he will not have the impudence to persevere—Come, *Jeremy*, acknowledge

ledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeit.

Jere. Counterfeit, madam ! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any freeholder in *Bethlehem* ; nay, he's as mad as any projector, fanatick, chymist, lover, or poet in *Europe*.

Val. Sirrah, you lye ; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, you see he denies it.

Jere. O lord, madam, did you ever know any madman mad enough to own it ?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend ?

Ang. Why he talk'd very sensibly just now.

Jere. Yes, madam ; he has intervals : but you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why you thick-skull'd rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [beats him.]

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad, or no, *Jeremy* ?

Jere. Partly I think——For he does not know his own mind two hours——I'm sure I left him just now, in the humour to be mad : and I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there ? [One knocks.]

Val. Go see, you sot, I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, tho' not your compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had apprehension enough to be exceptions : but madmen shew themselves most, by over-pretending to a sound understanding ; as drunken men do by over-acting sobriety ; I was half inclining to believe you, 'till I accidentally touch'd upon your tender part : but now you have restor'd me to my former opinion and compassion.

Jere. Sir, your father has sent to know if you are any better yet——Will you please to be mad, sir, or how ?

Val. Stupidity ! you know the penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the confession of my senses, I'm mad, and will be mad to every body but this lady.

Jere. So——just the very backside of truth,——But lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation——Madam, your ladyship's woman.

S C E N E XX.

Valentine, Angelica, Jenny.

Ang. Well, have you been there ?——Come hither.

Jenny.

Jenny. Yes, madam, Sir *Sampson* will wait upon you presently. [*Aside to Angelica.*]

Val. You are not leaving me in this uncertainty ?

Ang. Wou'd any thing, but a madman complain of uncertainty ? uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better : for the pleasure of a masquerade is done, when we come to shew our faces ; but I'll tell you two things before I leave you ; I am not the fool you take me for ; and you are mad and don't know it.

S C E N E XXI.

Valentine, Jeremy.

Val. From a riddle you can expect nothing but a riddle. There's my instruction, and the moral of my lesson.

Jere. What, is the lady gone again, sir ? I hope you understood one another before she went ?

Val. Understood ! She is harder to be understood than a piece of *Aegyptian* antiquity, or an *Irish* manuscript ; you may pore 'till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

Jere. I have heard 'em say, sir, they read hard *Hebrew* books backwards ; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. They say so of witches prayers, and dreams and *Dutch* almanacks are to be understood by contraries. But there's regularity and method in that ; she is a medal without a reverse or inscription, for indifference has both sides alike. Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satirical friend *Scandal*, who says,

*That women are like tricks by slight of hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.*



A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Foresight's House.

Angelica and Jenny.

Ang. **W**HERE is *Sir Sampson*? Did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't—If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jenny. I hear him, madam.

Ang. Leave me, and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* should come or send, I am not to be spoken with.

SCENE II.

Angelica, Sir Sampson.

Sir Samp. I have not been honoured with the commands of a fair lady, a great while—odd, madam, you have revived me——Not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great reason to complain, *Sir Sampson*, that is not long ago.

Sir Samp. Zooks, but it is, madam, a very great while, to a man that admires a fine woman, as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute courtier, *Sir Sampson*.

Sir Samp. Not at all, madam: ods-bud you wrong me; I am not so old neither, to be a bare courtier, only a man of words: come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth you do—Come, don't despise fifty; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible age! Not at all, a very fashionable age, I think—I assure you, I know very considerable beaus, that set a good face upon fifty, fifty! I have seen fifty in a side box by candle-light, out-blossom five and twenty.

Sir Samp. Outsides, outsides; a pize take 'em, meer outsides: hang your side-box beaus; no, I'm none of those

those, none of your forc'd trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall ; and bud when they should bring forth fruit : I am of a long-liv'd race, and inherit vigour, none of my ancestors marry'd 'till fifty ; yet they begot sons and daughters, 'till fourscore : I am of your patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your *Antediluvian* families, fellows, that the flood could not wash away. Well, madam, what are your commands ? Has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat ? or—

Ang. No, Sir *Sampson*, I have no quarrel upon my hands—I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should—Odd, wou'd she wou'd like me, then I shou'd hamper my young rogues : odd, wou'd she wou'd : faith and troth she's devilish handsome. [*Afide.*] Madam, you deserve a good husband, and 'twere a pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging,—that is a very young fellow—Pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing ;—and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder ; out of a frolic : and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hang'd by the law, the next morning :—Odsfo, have a care, madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your advice, Sir *Sampson* : I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like ; if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense—For I wou'd neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir Samp. Odd, you are hard to please, madam ; to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discretely ; for I hate both a wit and a fool. I hate a wit ; I had a son that was spoil'd among 'em ; a good hopeful lad till he learn'd to be a wit—And might have risen in the state—But, a pox on't, his wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Ang. Sir *Sampson*, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abus'd in that matter ; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir

Sir Samp. How, madam ! wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done——But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your affairs.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, I believe she likes me—[*Aside*]*—*Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet ; and I wish, madam, they were in a better posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty and merit——If I had *Peru* in one hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the Eastern Empire under my feet, it would make me only a more glorious victim to be offer'd at the shrine of your beauty,

Ang. Bless me, *Sir Sampson*, what's the matter ?

Sir Samp. Odd, madam, I love——And if you would take my advice in a husband——

Ang. Hold, hold, *Sir Sampson*. I ask'd your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent—I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about *Valentine* : For if a match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me : For you know he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir Samp. Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance—if we were to go through with it. But why must the match only be seemingly carried on?——Odd, let it be a real contract.

Ang. O fy, *Sir Sampson*, what would the world say ?

Sir Samp. Say, they would say, you are a wise woman, and I a happy man. Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live, and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay ; but that is not in your power, *Sir Sampson* ; for when *Valentine* confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir Samp. Odd, you're a cunning, a wary baggage ! Faith and troth I like you the better——But, I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favour of myself——Body o'me, I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the issue male of our two bodies begotten ; odsbud, let us find children, and I'll find an estate.

Ang. Will you ? Well, do you find the estate, and leave the t'other to me——

Sir

Sir Samp. O rogue ! But I'll trust you. And will you consent ? Is it a match then ?

Ang. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation : and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir Samp. With all my heart ;—Come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond—You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson ? Odzooks, I'm a young man : and I'll make it appear——Odd, you're devilish handsome : faith and troth, you're very handsome, and I'm very young, and very lusty—Odsbud, hussy, you know how to choose, and so do I ;—Odd, I think we are very well met ;—Give me your hand, odd, let me kiss it ; 'tis as warm and as soft—as what ?——Odd, as t'other hand—Give me t'other hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kiss 'em 'till they melt in my mouth.

Ang. Hold, *Sir Sampson*—You're profuse of your vigour before your time : you'll spend your estate before you come to it.

Sir Samp. No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my possessions—Ah ! baggage—I warrant you for little *Sampson* : Odd, *Sampson's* a very good name for an able fellow : your *Sampsons* were strong dogs from the beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your part—If you remember, *Sampson*, the strongest of the name, pull'd an old house over his head at last.

Sir Samp. Say you so, hussy ?—Come, let's go then ; odd, I long to be pulling too, come away——Odsfo, here's somebody coming.

S C E N E III.

Tattle, Jeremy.

Tatt. Is not that she, gone out just now ?

Jere. Ay, sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this business, you'll certainly be the death of a person that has a most extraordinary passion for your honour's service.

Tatt. Ay, who's that ?

Jere. Even my unworthy self, sir——Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while ;—And now, sir, my former master having much troubled the fountain of his understanding : it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty—

ty—I thought I could not recommend myself better to you, sir, than by the delivery of a great beauty and fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy fortune ; say no more—Thou art a pretty fellow, and can'st carry a message to a lady, in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

Jere. Sir, I have the seeds of rhetorick and oratory in my head—I have been at *Cambridge*.

Tatt. Ay ; 'tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an university : but the education is a little too pedantic for a gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha ?

Jere. O sir, for that sir, 'tis my chief talent ; I'm as secret as the head of *Nilus*.

Tatt. Ay ? who's he, tho' ? a privy counsellor.

Jere. O ignorance ! [*aside*] A cunning *Aegyptian*, sir, that with his arms would over-run the country ; yet nobody could ever find out his head-quarters.

Tatt. Close dog ! A good whoremaster, I warrant him—The time draws nigh, *Jeremy*. *Angelica* will be veil'd like a nun ; and I must be hooded like a friar ; ha, *Jeremy* ?

Jere. Ay, sir, hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my master's madness to be so dress'd ; and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor lady, I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy exchange she has made, between a madman and so accomplish'd a gentleman.

Tatt. Ay faith, so she will, *Jeremy*. You're a good friend to her, poor creature—I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself as compassion to her.

Jere. 'Tis an act of charity, sir, to save a fine woman with thirty thousand pounds, from throwing herself away.

Tatt. So 'tis faith—I might have sav'd several others in my time ; but I gad I could never find in my heart to marry any body before.

Jere. Well, sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming ; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour, with your disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little madly, she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

Tatt.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a counterfeit ;—I'll be ready for you.

S C E N E IV.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

Miss. O Mr. *Tattle*, are you here ! I'm glad I have found you ; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, 'till I'm as tired as any thing in the world.

Tatt. O pox, how shall I get rid of this foolish girl ?

Miss. O I have pure news, I can tell you pure news—I must not marry the seaman now—my father says so. Why won't you be my husband ? you say you love me, and you won't be my husband. And I know you may be my husband now if you please.

Tatt. O fy, miss : who told you so, child ?

Miss. Why, my father—I told him that you lov'd me.

Tatt. O fy, miss, why did you do so ? and who told you so, child ?

Miss. Who ? why you did ; did not you ?

Tatt. O pox, that was yesterday, miss, that was a great while ago, child. I have been asleep since ; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss. Pshaw, O but I dreamt that it was so tho'.

Tatt. Ay, but your father will tell you that dreams come by contraries, child ————O fy ; what, we must not love one another now——Pshaw, that would be a foolish thing indeed——Fy, fy, you're a woman now, and must think of a new man every morning, and forget him every night——No, no, to marry is to be a child again and play with the same rattle always : O fy, marrying is a paw thing.

Miss. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last night then ?

Tatt. No, no, child, you would not have me.

Miss. No ? yes but I would tho'.

Tatt. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not——You forget you're a woman, and don't know your own mind ?

Miss. But here's my father, and he knows my mind.

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] Foresight.

Fore. O, Mr. *Tattle*, your servant, you are a close man ;
but

but methinks your love to my daughter was a secret I might have been trusted with,——Or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art——Hum, ha! I think there is something in your physiognomy, that has a resemblance of her; and the girl is like me.

Tatt. And so you wou'd infer, that you and I are alike——what does the old prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Afide*] I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

Fore. How? what a wrong notion! how so?

Tatt. In the way of art: I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes; that are indications of a sudden turn of good fortune, in the lottery of wives; and promise a great beauty and great fortune reserved alone for me, by a private intrigue of destiny, kept secret from the piercing eye of perspicuity; from all astrologers, and the stars themselves.

Fore. How! I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your pardon, I'm in haste——

Fore. For what?

Tatt. To be marry'd, sir, marry'd.

Fore. Ay, but pray take me along with you, sir——

Tatt. No, sir; 'tis to be done privately——I never make confidants.

Fore. Well; but my consent I mean——You won't marry my daughter without my consent?

Tatt. Who I, sir? I'm an absolute stranger to you and your daughter, sir.

Fore. Hey day! what time of the moon is this?

Tatt. Very true, sir, and desire to continue so. I have no more love for your daughter, than I have likeness of you; and I have a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and shan't know; and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for it afterwards. I'd have you to know, sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and as secret as the night. And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago; and the lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet——There's a mystery for you——I know you love to untie difficulties——Or if you can't solve this; stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

Forefight, Miss Prue.

Miss. O father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my husband?

Fore. Mercy on us, what does these lunacies portend! alas! he's mad, child, stark wild.

Miss. What, and must not I have e'er a husband then? what must I go to bed to nurse again, and be a child as long as she's an old woman? indeed but I won't. For now my mind is set upon a man, I will have a man some way or other.

Fore. O fearful! I think the girl's influenc'd too,—hussy, you shall have a rod.

Miss. A fiddle of a rod, I'll have a husband; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself: I'll marry our *Robin* the butler, he says he loves me, and he's a handsom man, and shall be my husband; I warrant he'll be my husband, and thank me too, for he told me so.

S C E N E VII.

[*To them*] Scandal, Mrs. Forefight, and Nurse.

Fore. Did he so—I'll dispatch him for't presently rogue! Oh, nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What is your worship's pleasure?

Fore. Here take your young mistress, and lock her up presently, 'till farther orders from me—not a word hussy—Do what I bid you, no reply, away. And bid *Robin* make ready to give an account of his plate and linen, d'ye hear, be gone when I bid you.

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter, husband?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now—Mr. *Scandal*, heav'n keep us all in our senses—I fear there is a contagious frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine*?

Scan. O I hope he will do well again—I have a message from him to your niece *Angelica*.

Fore. I think she has not return'd since she went abroad with Sir *Sampson*.

S C E N E VIII.

Forefight, Scandal, Mrs. Forefight, Ben.

Mrs. Fore. Here's Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his father be come home.

Ben.

Ben. Who, father? ay, he's come home with a vengeance.

Mrs. Fore. Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter! why he's mad.

Fore. Mercy on us, I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handsom young woman, she, as they say, brother *Val.* went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

Fore. O my poor niece, my poor niece, is she gone too? well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. Fore. Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess—I'll undertake to make a voyage to *Antegoa*—No, hold, I mayn't say so neither—But I'll sail as far as *Leghorn*, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else; mess, you may take in all the points of the compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. Fore. Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you; there's a new wedding upon the stocks, and they two are going to be married to rights.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why father, and ——the young woman. I can't hit of her name.

Scan. *Angelica*?

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. Fore. Sir *Sampson* and *Angelica*, impossible!

Ben. That may be—but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

Scan. 'Sdeath, it's a jest. I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not lunatick?

Ben. I don't know what you may call madness—But she's mad for a husband, and he's horn mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a match together—Here they come.

S C E N E IX.

[To them] Sir *Sampson*, *Angelica*, *Buckram*.

Sir. Samp. Where is this o'd soothsayer? this uncle of mine elect? a ha, old *Forefigbt*, uncle *Forefigbt*, with me joy, uncle *Forefigbt*, double joy, both as uncle and astrolo-

ger ; here's a conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris*—The brightest star in the blue firmament—is *shot from above, in a jelly of love*, and so forth ; and I'm lord of the ascendant. Odd, you are an old fellow, *Forefight* ; uncle I mean, a very old fellow, uncle *Forefight* and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding ; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the musick of the spheres for thee, old *Lilly*, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a dance *in via Lactea*.

Fore. I'm thunder-struck ! you are not married to my niece ?

Sir Samp. Not absolutely married, uncle ; but very near it, within a kiss of the matter, as you see.

[*Kisses Angelica*.

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, uncle ; I hope you'll be my father, and give me.

Sir Samp. That he shall, or I'll burn his globes—body o' me, he shall be thy father, I'll make him thy father, and thou shalt make me a father, and I'll make thee a mother, and we'll beget sons and daughters enow to put the weekly bills out of countenance.

Scan. Death and hell ! where's *Valentine* ?

S C E N E X.

Sir Sampson, Angelica, Forefight, Mrs. Forefight, Ben, Buckram.

Mrs. Fore, This is so surprising—

Sir Samp. How ! what does my aunt say ? surprising aunt ? not at all, for a young couple to make a match in winter ? not at all—it's a plot to undermine cold winter weather ; and destroy that usurper of a bed call'd a warming-pan.

Mrs. Fore. I'm glad to hear you have so much fire in you *Sir Sampson*.

Ben. Mels, I fear his fire's little better than tinder ; mayhap it will only serve to light up a match for some body else. The young woman's a handsom young woman, I can't deny it : but father, if I might be your pilot in this case you should not marry her. It's just the same thing, as if so be you shou'd sail so far as the *Straits* without provision,

Sir Samp. Who gave you authority to speak, firrah ? to your

your element, fish, be mute, fish, and to sea, rule your helm, firrah, don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own helm, or you mayn't keep your new vessel steady.

Sir Samp. Why, you impudent tarpaulin! firrah do you bring your forecastle jests upon your father? but I shall be even with you, I won't give you a groat. Mr. *Buckram*, is the conveyance so worded that nothing can possibly descend to this scoundrel? I wou'd not so much as have him have the prospect of an estate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-East* passage.

Buckr. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions; there is not the least cranny of the law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopt in your conscience—If so be that one had a pump to your bosom, I believe we shou'd discover a foul hold. They say a witch will sail in a sieve—But I believe the devil wou'd not venture aboard of your conscience. And that's for you.

Sir Samp. Hold your tongue, firrah. How now who's here?

S C E N E XI.

[To them] *Tattle* and *Mrs. Frail*.

Mrs. Frail. O, sister, the most unlucky accident.

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter?

Tatt. O, the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are.

Fore. Bless us! how so?

Mrs. Frail. Ah Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are—I can't speak it out.

Tatt. Nor I—But poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are—

Mrs. Frail. Married.

Mrs. Fore. Married! how?

Tatt. Suddenly—before we knew where we were—That villain *Jeremy*, by the help of disguises, trickt us into one another.

Fore. Why you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married.

Aug. But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the favour to me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be fav'd, madam, my intentions

tions were good—but this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore—the devil take me if ever I was so much concern'd at any thing in my life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The least in the world—that is for my part, I speak for myself. Gad, I never had the least thought of serious kindness—I never lik'd any body less in my life. Poor woman ! gad, I'm sorry for her too ; for I have no reason to hate her neither ; but I believe I shall lead her a damn'd sort of a life.

Mrs. Fore. He's better than no husband at all—tho' he's a coxcomb. [*To Frail.*

Mrs. Frail. [*To her.*] Ay, ay, it's well it's no worse—nay, for my part I always despised Mr. *Tattle* of all things ; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much——pox on't, I wish we could keep it secret, why I don't believe any of this company wou'd speak of it.

Mrs. Frail. But, my dear, that's impossible ; the parson and that rogue *Jeremy* will publish it.

Tatt. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time ; custom will make it easy to you.

Tatt. Easy ! pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to night.

Sir Samp. Sleep, quotha : no, why you would not sleep o' your wedding night ? I'm an older fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why there's another match now, as thof' a couple of privateers were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young man with all my heart. Look you, friend, if I may advise you, when she's going, for that you must expect, I have experience of her, when she's going, let her go, for no matrimony is tough enough to hold her, and if she can't drag her anchor along with her, she'll break her cable I can tell you that. Who's here ? the madman ?

SCENE *The Last.*

Valentine, Scandal, *Sir Sampson*, Angelica, Foresight, *Mrs. Foresight*, Tattle, *Mrs. Frail*, Ben, Jeremy, Buckram.

Val. No; here's the fool; and if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir Samp. How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir Samp. What, have you found your senses at last then? in good time, Sir.

Val. You were abus'd, sir, I never was distracted.

Fore. How! not mad! *Mr. Scandal.*

Scan. No really, sir; I'm his witness, it was all counterfeited.

Val. I thought I had reasons—but it was a poor contrivance, the effect has shewn it such.

Sir Samp. Contrivance, what to cheat me? to cheat your father! sirrah, could you hope to prosper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, sir, when the father endeavoured to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature.

Sir Samp. Very good, sir—*Mr. Buckram*, are you ready?—come, sir, will you sign and seal?

Val. If you please, sir; but first I would ask this lady one question.

Sir Samp. Sir, you must ask me leave first; that lady? no, sir; you shall ask that lady no questions, 'till you have ask'd her blessing, sir; that lady is to be my wife.

Val. I have heard as much, sir; but I wou'd have it from her own mouth.

Sir Samp. Tha'ts as much as to say, I lye, sir, and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, sir, But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited madness; I don't know but the frolick may go round.

Sir Samp. Come, chuck, satisfy him, answer him;—come, come, *Mr. Buckram*, the pen and ink.

Buckr. Here it is, sir, with the deed, all is ready.

[*Valentine goes to Angelica.*]

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love

to me; nay, what if you were sincere? still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person, than yours,

Sir Samp. Are you answer'd now, sir?

Val. Yes, sir.

Sir Samp. Where's your plot, sir, and your contrivance now, sir? will you sign, sir? come, will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my heart, sir.

Scan. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin yourself?

Val. I have been disappointed of my only hope; and he that loses hope may part with any thing. I never valu'd fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure; and my only pleasure was to please this lady: I have made many vain attempts, and find at last that nothing but my ruin can effect it: Which for that Reason, I will sign to—Give me the paper.

Ang. Generous *Valentine*.

[*Aside.*]

Buckr. Here is the deed sir.

Val. But where is the bond, by which I am oblig'd to sign this?

Buckr. Sir *Sampson*, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I wou'd every thing that is an enemy to *Valentine*. [Tears the Paper.]

Sir Samp. How now.

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the world to give you, it cou'd not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion: here's my hand, my heart was always yours, and struggl'd very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue.

[To *Valentine*.]

Val. Between pleasure and amazement, I am lost—But on my knees I take the blessing.

Sir Samp. Oons, what's the meaning of this?

Ben. Mefs here's the wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a voyage together now.

Ang. Well, Sir *Sampson*, since I have play'd you a trick, I'll advise you how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always lov'd your son, and hated your unforgiving nature. I was resolv'd to try him to the utmost; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more faults than
he

he has virtues; and 'tis hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

Val. If my happiness cou'd receive addition, this kind surprize wou'd make it double.

Sir Samp. Oon's, you're a *Crocodile*.

Fore. Really, *Sir Sampson*, this is a sudden eclipse.

Sir Samp. You're an illiterate old fool, and I'm another, the stars are lyars, and if I had breath I'd curse them and you, myself and all the world, zouns to be thus cull'd, woman bob'd, I han't patience.

Tatt. If the gentleman is in disorder for want of a wife, I can spare him mine.

Sir Samp. Confound you and your wife together. [*Exit.*]

Tatt. Oh are you there, sir? I'm indebted to you for my happiness. [*To Jeremy.*]

Jere. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons, 'twas an ar-rant mistake—You see, sir, my master was never mad, nor any thing like it—Then how could it be otherwise?

Val. *Tattle*, I thank you, you would have interposed between me and heav'n; but providence laid purgatory in your way—You have but justice.

Scan. Well, madam, you have done exemplary justice, in punishing an inhuman father, and rewarding a faithful lover: but there is a third good work, which I, in particular, must thank you for; I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me—For now I am convinc'd that all women are not like fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

Ang. 'Tis an unreasonable accusation, that you lay upon our sex: you tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. You would all have the reward of love; but few have the constancy to stay 'till it becomes your due. Men are generally hypocrites and infidels, they pretend to worship, but have neither zeal nor faith: how few, like *Valentine*, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy! In admiring me, you misplace the novelty.

*The miracle to day is, that we find
A lover true: not that a woman's kind.*

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken at the Opening of the New House.

By Mrs. *B R A C E G I R D L E.*

SURE providence at first design'd this place
To be the player's refuge in distress ;
For still in every storm, they all run hither,
As to a shed, that shields 'em from the weather.
But thinking of this change which last befel us,
It's like what I have heard our poets tell us :
For when behind our scenes, their suits are pleading,
To help their love, sometimes they shew their reading ;
And wanting ready cash to pay for hearts,
They top their learning on us, and their parts.
Once of philosophers they told us stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagories,
I'm sure 'tis some such Latin name they give 'em,
And we, who know no better, must believe 'em.
Now to these men (say they) such souls were giv'n,
That after death ne'er went to hell, nor heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, in beasts ; and then
When many years were past, in men again,
Methinks, we players resemble such a soul,
That, does from bodies, we from houses strole,
Thus Aristotle's soul, of old that was,
May now be damn'd to animate an ass ;
Or in this very house, for ought we know,
Is doing painful penance in some beau :
And thus, our audience, which did once resort
To shining theatres to see our sport,
Now find us toss'd into a Tennis Court, }
These wall's but t'other day were fill'd with noise
Of roaring gamesters, and your dammee boys ;
Then bounding ball's and racketts they encompass,
And now they're fill'd with jests and flights, and bombast !
I vow,

E P I L O G U E.

I vow, I don't much like this transmigration,
Stroling from place to place, by circulation,
Grant heav'n, we don't return to our first station.
I know not what these think, but for my part,
I can't reflect without an aking heart,
How we shou'd end in our original, a cart.
But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
That you have only set us up, to leave us,
Thus from the past, we hope for future grace,
I beg it——
And some here know I have a begging face.
Then pray continue this your kind behaviour,
For a clear stage won't do, without your favour.

F I N I S.

